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The Cost of Marriage

in Japan is going down. Its dignity is going up. In next week's Outlook Adachi Kinnosuke tells of the extraordinary changes that have taken place in the marriage rites and customs of his countrymen.

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The Outlook

Volume 146 August 3, 1927 Number 14

The South Disowns Mob Violence

WHEN the revived Ku Klux Klan came into being, one of its objects was stated to be the enforcement of personal morality. Then came instances of brutality inflicted on individuals alleged to be immoral. Naturally, followed protests and evidence that the beatings were undeserved and that personal enmity sometimes played a part. The reaction caused the Klan to disown acts of violence and in some cases to offer a reward for the arrest of the perpetrators. The practice seemed to be dying out, but of late there have been extreme cases of brutality in Georgia and Alabama. At Toccoa, Georgia, for instance, a white woman was flogged with a heavy strap on her bare back until she fainted, and reflogged when she protested. "In Alabama," a press despatch states, "the whipping of Negroes by masked bands of men has become so common that it passes unnoticed."

Yet there are encouraging facts in the campaign against violence and lynching. There are frequent protests by men of influence, and honest resistance to mob law by sheriffs and their posses, as, for instance, the two days' "battle of Tampa," of which we spoke lately. The cartoon from a Southern paper printed herewith is another indication. In Alabama, due to recent floggings, press despatches say that a strong anti-Klan sentiment is spreading over the State, that ministers are now preaching against brutality as a relic of barbarism and calling on law-abiding citizens to stamp it out.

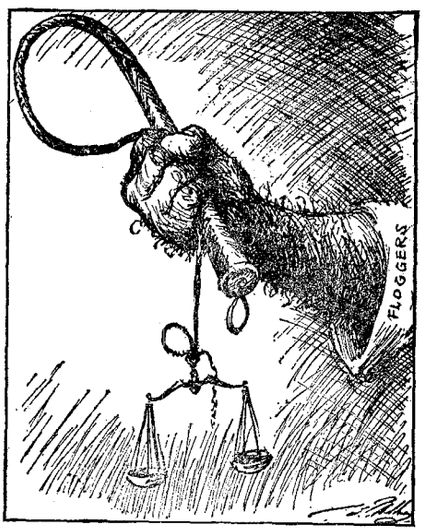
This reprobation and detestation of cruelty now gathering force in localities where lynching and beating take place are having a notable effect on public sentiment. The revival of violence of this sort is sporadic; the denouncing of it is typical and far-reaching.

North Carolina's Chain Gang Problem

THE Institute for Research in Social Science of the University of North Carolina has just completed a survey of the county chain gang system in effect in the Old North State. The results are recorded in a volume written by the investigators, Jesse F. Steiner and Roy M. Brown, entitled "The North Carolina Chain Gang." It reveals much that is discreditable interspersed with rays of light.

It appears that up to 1860 North Carolina had no State prison. The county jail was the sole punitive institution. Even now the jails receive ten convicts for every one that goes to the State penitentiary. Though among these convicts are those serving short terms, convicts sentenced for as long as ten years are in the jails and twice as many convicts are in the county camps as are in the penitentiary. For this state of affairs road-making and repairing are to a considerable extent responsible. Petty offenders are picked up among the colored folks to keep the chain gang full.

From the Memphis Commercial Appeal



Jungle justice

The investigators regard the system as now conducted a failure. Men in chains are not mobile and perform their tasks poorly when under guard and in groups. Where the honor method is employed, as in a very few instances, the results are much better. Where the State has established camps the convicts, unchained and on honor, do well. The counties, however, in the main cling to conditions that are not creditable to civilization. The prisoners when not working are kept in cages, mounted on wheels, like animals in the circus. Sanitary facilities are lacking, bedding is filthy, and food poor. There is no attempt at education. Stripes and chains kill self-respect. Economically considered, the outcome is doubtful. Moreover, whipping is still in vogue, though there is no warrant for it in law. Although Chief Justice Clark has so held, he has been unable to secure the support of a majority of the Judges. The inhuman, degrading practice goes on, sometimes with fatal results.

It is refreshing to record that the counties of New Hanover, Guilford, Buncombe, Durham, Alamac, Rockingham, Edgecombe, and the Rocky Mount road district have built decent prisons, and that Bertie County has a permanent camp under construction.

Unquestionably the Negroes are unfairly treated by justices as the chain gang needs hands. This adds to the demerits of county control. There are signs, however, that better things are coming. This book will help bring them about.

The Subway Quarrel

A GENERAL strike in New York's subways is announced to take place on the night of the day on which this issue of The Outlook goes to press. It will affect the Interborough system certainly; the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit probably. As many as 26,000 employees have been asked to drop work; the papers report the presence of 1,500 strike-breakers. Will it be a war or a fizzle? Last year's strike lasted only long enough to annoy and worry the traveling public and to lead the millions who use the subways to ask whether such confusion, injury, and inconvenience should not be forbidden by law.

It appears evident that the matter in dispute between the men and the management is almost wholly that of fair representation of labor in all questions arising between the company and the worker. It is true that an advance in wages is asked on the ground that similar workers in other cities get better pay than those in New York. But little stress is laid on this, and the fairness of the comparison is in doubt.

Like last year's strike, the present quarrel results from the effort of the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees to organize the subway men and the refusal of the management to allow this. Mayor Walker tried to get the opponents into amicable conference; the General Man-

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ager (Frank Hedley) refused, and in his letter said: "Our men have contracted in writing not to become identified in any way with the organizations which those men represent." The advocates of the strike say that the men who signed this statement did so under moral coercion; that they despise the "Brotherhood" started by the company. Mr. Samuel Untermeyer, who is conducting the Transit Commission's investigation into subway affairs, proposed that a secret ballot be taken to show whether the men want the union or the Brotherhood; the company flatly refused.

Thus the strike which appears imminent as we write is really a test of strength for and against the enrolling of subway employees in the kind of organization approved by the American Federation of Labor.

The part played by the public, if one may judge by the past, is to swelter, swear at all strikes and strikers, and forget the whole matter as soon as some kind of end is reached—just or unjust. Mr. Untermeyer soundly asserts that there should be no such thing tolerated as a strike of the employees of a public service corporation. The public will concur; but that solution of the question is not as easy as it sounds. Perhaps the State and city may enact legislation applying to street and under-street railways the kind of concession and conciliation promoted by Governor Smith in the clothing-makers' troubles. But a closer analogy might be found over in Philadelphia, where the Rapid Transit Company under the Mitten plan is carrying on what The Outlook in a recent editorial called "an adventure in industrial democracy." Under this plan—

> The workers have equal power with the management in all matters involving wages, working conditions, or discipline—by means of branch committees, departmental committees, and, finally, central committees, of men and of management. Corresponding committees of men and management meet together, each with equal power, and with no superior veto power threatening to undo the actions assented to by both committees. In case of failure to agree, issues are presented to arbitration.

Under the Mitten Management wages are based on living costs; the workers are in part stockholders and hold over a third of the company's voting power. Both officers and men are disposed to friendliness; they have a mutual financial interest.

One hardly sees Mr. Hedley or the union leaders looking for a solution in this direction; but assuredly in the establishment of mutual benefit between labor and capital will ultimately come the destruction of industrial warfare.

The End of a Hoax

THE mystery box said to have been left by Joanna Southcott, the English "prophetess," over a hundred years ago, to be opened only in case of a national emergency and in the presence of a goodly number of bishops, was forced recently. One lone bishop attended.

Underwood & Underwood

Frederick A. Sterling, newly appointed Minister to the Irish Free State

As foreshadowed by the X-ray test of the box which we reported, nothing was found but trash—a pistol, cheap jewelry, a nightcap, a dice box, a lottery ticket, some written and printed pages of no moment. No prophecy, no message of salvation!

Whether the hoax was of Joanna's concoction to impress and hold her converts together or whether it is of later origin is not certain. It came into the hands of the Psychical Research Society of London with not enough evidence of its authenticity to settle any minor property dispute in a police court. A few surviving followers of Joanna are reported to say that they never have believed in the story or in the box.

Like Mother Ann Lee, founder of the Shakers, who also began her career an almost illiterate servant girl, and also had visions and prophesied, Joanna had a strange gift of attracting disciples among those who run after every new thing. But as many thousands of people profess in our day to believe in Joseph Smith's weird story of the golden plates of the Book of Mormon and t Urim and Thummim by which they we read, it is not for us to say that religio delusion is a bygone thing.

The Irish Free State Unshaken

THE murder of Kevin O'Higgins c viously has given the leaders of t Irish Free State a new determination carry on. The best evidence of t character of the men at the helm of t new administration in Dublin is their sponse to the loss of their Vice-Preside

Stringent measures against politi plotters are reported to be ready passage through the Dail Eireann, t national legislature. These include t abolition of jury trial for persons gui of committing or planning assassinatio or conspiring for the overthrow of t Government. Other measures call up all candidates for election to the Dail pledge themselves to take the oath allegiance to the King and of loyalty the terms of the peace treaty with Gre Britain, by which the Free State was up. This latter principle is aim against the members of Eamon De V lera's new republican party, the Fian Fail, whose representatives sought el tion in the last campaign and then fused to take the oath of allegiar when they appeared to be sworn in.

New strength to the Irish Free St will unquestionably come from the rival of the first Minister from t United States, Frederick A. Sterling, a his official welcome in Dublin. This e dence of belief in the future of the F State coming from America, where t cause of Irish self-rule always has h so many friends, should have a wi effect throughout Ireland. It is fort nate that the event came just at the ti when an underhand blow had be struck at the Irish Government.

An Old Man and a Child-King

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD boy, Prince Mil of Rumania, became King on Ju 20, when his grandfather, King Fer nand, died. And as he took the thro Premier Bratiano, the head of the s called Liberal Party and the real pow in the country, must have smiled a lit grimly. For over the new King the was appointed a Regency composed his uncle, Prince Nicholas, and the P triarch Miron Cristea and the Supre Court Justice G. V. Buzdugan—both t latter appointees of Bratiano. This w the arrangement that had been made b fore Ferdinand's death. So a child w apparently likes best to romp with l playmates, the children of the Americ

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Creatures of note

(King John, Act IV, Scene 1)

Seibel in the Richmond Times-Dispatch

What an appetite !

From W. W. Henry, Broad Run, Va.

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

"Now, if worms could vote—"

From L. B. Stewart, Moylan, Pa.

Hanny in the Philadelphia Inquirer

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There are few harder things than this

From G. L. Snyder, Coatesville, Pa.

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune

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Cleaning up while the political family is away for the summer

From George W. Lyon, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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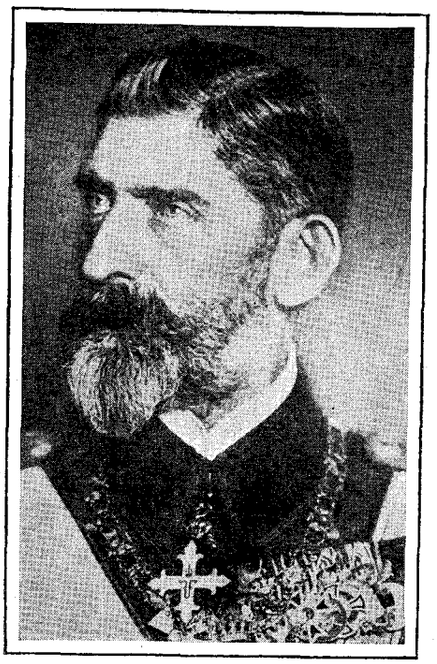
Minister to Rumania, was thrust into the midst of one of the most troubled situations in all Europe.

Around him are, not only the Regents, but his grandmother, now the Dowager Queen Marie, who is reputed to desire to become sole Regent, and his mother, Princess Helen, who is said to wish for the return of her exiled husband, the former Crown Prince Carol, and for his accession to the throne. In this wish Princess Helen is apparently joined by Carol's sisters, Queen Marie of Jugoslavia and Elizabeth, exiled Queen of Greece. Carol twice renounced his right to the throne for the sake of love affairs of which his family disapproved. He had shown signs of antagonism to Bratiano. That astute statesman, whose father brought the Hohenzollern Prince Ferdinand into power in Rumania, adroitly made use of Carol's estrangement with Ferdinand to build up the Regency as an offset to any possible attempt by Carol to return. Yet Carol, in Paris, has issued an announcement indicating that he may still try to regain the power which was his by birth. In such an endeavor he might be aided by his mother, the Dowager Queen Marie.

Besides all these complications of Court intrigue revolving about his own father, the little King Mihai becomes ruler of a nation facing foes on all sides. To the east is Russia, scheming to recapture Bessarabia, which Rumania annexed after the war. To the west is Hungary, unreconciled to the loss of her Transylvanian provinces that now are incorporated in Greater Rumania. The Transylvanians, incidentally, form part of the National Party opposition to Bratiano that might support Carol. To the south is Bulgaria, likewise smarting under the loss of territory to Rumania in the peace settlement. So the boy comes into a heritage that makes him one of the most appealing and dramatic figures of the old Continent.

The Lesson in Nicaragua

TROUBLE has dogged the steps of President Coolidge's Administration in its policy in Nicaragua, as it did his predecessors. The latest difficulty over the suppression of the recalcitrant rebel general—or bandit—Sandino seems to be one more instance of the errors of a plan of pacification not quite strongly enough backed. Sandino has taken refuge in the hills, after the scattering of his small force by the marines with their air patrol. From his hiding-place he has sent out statements that he is not eliminated from the situation, and



Underwood & Underwood

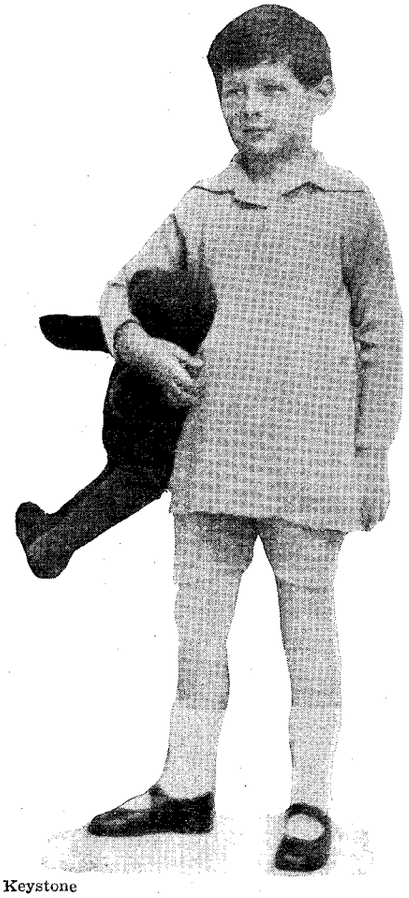
King Ferdinand of Rumania, whose death places his grandson Mihai upon the throne of his country

that he will still play an active part in opposing action by the United States in Nicaragua.

It is not expected that Sandino will be able again to do anything of serious importance. Even in Nicaragua he is repudiated by the leaders of the Lib Party, in whose rebellion against Conservative administration of Presi Diaz he was fighting. General Monc who was the chief military figure in rebellion, has said that he attribute significance to the movement under dino, and that he is satisfied with state of order now established in N ragua.

But the Sandino uprising and necessity of quelling it by force created a bad impression in Cer America and increased the complicat which interference by the United St inevitably entailed. The marine g son at Ocotal, which Sandino's b attacked, was tiny—about forty Evidently the formidability of Sand forces was underestimated, and only intervention of bombing planes s the garrison. The mistake is one w the commanders of our troops in N ragua undoubtedly regret more than one else, for a strong garrison would have been attacked and trouble w have been avoided.

The moral in such affairs is: Eithe not undertake a policy which req the use of force at all, or, if you do, enough force, if possible, to be dec without the necessity of actually se it in motion.



Keystone

King Mihai of Rumania

Delegations Dormant

FOR a week at least the Naval Co ence at Geneva was in a stat suspended animation. On July 19 British delegates left Geneva for Lor to consult with the British Cab Day after day thereafter members o British Cabinet at home were in co tation with the delegates to the Co ence. Indeed, Cabinet meetings held in which the British positio Geneva seems to have been thre over. Of course, these meetings not reported and no authoritative s ment was made as to the trend of discussion. Evidently, the British ernment is much concerned at the tion in which Great Britain has placed in this Conference. As we g press it is rumored that Lord Bal who was such a success as a diplom the Washington Conference, might g Geneva. Certainly the rather infle attitude of the British delegation, especially of the head of the delega W. C. Bridgeman, First Lord of Admiralty, has not been successfu winning support to British desires.

Blame for misunderstanding and tion has been laid at the door of An can press correspondents. As our

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me

Here is the plane in which Major Courtney, whose picture we printed in the July 20 issue of The Outlook, hopes to make the first successful westward transit of the Atlantic Ocean. Adjustments to his radio apparatus and unadjustable weather conditions have so far prevented his take-off

rial correspondent in Geneva, Dr. E. Baldwin, puts it: "The conferees ıy pray to be delivered from the press. urnalists have got to write about nething, but the success of this affair s not been served by much that has ne forth. On the other hand, the Con- ence itself has suffered from an excess sailormen as delegates and represent- ves. In this respect criticism reaches pan's delegation itself, even though delegation proves all that Mr. Adachi id of it in The Outlook for June 15 in nnection with Baron Tanaka's striking ssage to The Outlook." We are in- ned to think, however, that the causes the difficulties encountered at Geneva deeper than those mentioned by our itorial correspondent.

These causes are in the situation in ıich the three countries involved find emselves—particularly Great Britain.)r the protection of her lines of com- ınication Britain believes she needs ıny comparatively small, lightly armed ıisers, each within a comparatively ort radius from a British fueling sta-)n. If Great Britain were to consent the allotment of a total tonnage to ch country within which they might ild cruisers of any size below the ,000 tons set by the Washington eaty, she might find herself in the posi-)n of having exhausted most of her eaty rights for these light cruisers, and us rating inferior to the United States the heavier cruisers of the fighting pe. Why she should object to the nited States having a heavier fighting rce of cruisers than herself we cannot e, except as it might be taken as a loss traditional naval prestige. But if she n make better use of light cruisers, while we can make better use of the heavier ones, her navy would be for her purposes quite as strong as ours would be for ours. And, as an article in this issue indicates, the American navy would really be supplementary to the British navy as a protection to Canadian interests.

We are still hopeful that British diplomats will not be prevented by American newspaper men from achieving a really diplomatic triumph for international peace and good will.

Prohibition's Ebb and Flow in Canada

THE trend of the times in most of the Canadian provinces seems to be toward wetness. The first onslaught against the prohibition stronghold usually takes the form of an agitation for the sale of bottled liquor in government stores. The argument generally employed by the wets on these occasions is that such is the only means whereby the bootlegger can be effectively combated. One province after another has been induced to experiment with government control until only two remain with prohibitory legislation in force—Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia.

Government stores having thus been established for the sale of bottled goods (to be drunk in the privacy of the home), the wets then proceed with a campaign to legalize public drinking in government shops (or privately owned beer-parlors), where beer shall be sold by the glass.

Their argument, as a rule, runs something like this excerpt from an advertisement inserted in a Manitoba newspaper during the recent campaign:

> If you followed the daily papers closely during the past few months, you would note that not a day passed but that some club, some premises, some bootleggers were caught. But for every one caught and convicted there were, and are, and will be—unless we change our law—hundreds more who never will or can be caught. Public drinking is here, but it is being done illegally in unlicensed premises; and—here's another point—it is leading to more whisky drinking.
>
> There is no real temperance behind the present law; bootlegging is flourishing, secret drinking is on the increase—and the law is being disrespected in all quarters.
>
> If a man can buy a bottle or a case, how is he to drink it? Either he must break the law by asking those who sold it to him permission to open it there and drink it, or he must take an hour off and go to his boarding-house or home.

That and similar arguments won the day in Manitoba. The question people are now asking in Ontario—which has Government control such as Manitoba had until recently—is, How long will it be before the same arguments are also heard in Ontario?

Canadian wets are pleased with their June victory in Manitoba which permitted the sale of beer by the glass in Government stores, while the drys at the same time are equally satisfied with their victory in Prince Edward Island which preserved its prohibition law intact. The latter believe that Prince Edward Island is but the precursor of many others that will change back into the dry column after having had a taste of government control, although in the

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present instance that particular province shied from the taste. It would seem that the eventual criterion will be: Does "government control" actually control?

Not by any means incidentally to the above referenda, the Stewart (Conservative) administration in Prince Edward Island went down to defeat at the hands of the Liberals under the leadership of the Hon. A. C. Saunders. The former had championed Government control; the latter opposed. In Manitoba the Bracken Government (Progressive) were sustained. They had not officially indorsed the beer-by-the-glass measure, but had submitted the matter as a plebiscite, pledging themselves to implement by legislation the will of the electorate.

Byrd's Antarctic Plans

COMMANDER BYRD'S plans for his South Pole expedition show that it will be, not a flight, but an exploration voyage. Its scope is far larger than that of Byrd's North Pole feat. The voyage will begin on a whaling ship, to leave this country in the early autumn. Floyd Bennett, Byrd's friend and companion in the Arctic flight, will again be at his side; so also will Bernt Balchen and perhaps Bert Acosta. The ship will carry a field crew to establish an air base. Several scientists, perhaps as many as ten, will be in the expedition; three planes will be taken, one a large three-engined Fokker now being made abroad, the other two small scouters.

These bare facts show that a serious campaign of exploration is proposed. In an elaborate copyright article in the New York "Times" Commander Byrd points out that around the South Pole are immense areas never seen, and that many months may be well spent in mapping this territory, "for man will not be satisfied until he knows what is there." He thinks it not only possible but probable that large tracts of land uncovered by snow may be found. The approach will be by way of New Zealand and into the ice north of Ross Sea. Dog-sleds will be used for hauling supplies and in side-expeditions for scientific discovery.

All this sounds more like the old-time polar exploration than like aviation. But in due course, possibly after more than a year, a drive for the Pole through the air and over the ice-barrier, thousands of feet in height, will follow other airplane flights.

If Byrd's plans are crowned with success, not only will he have a marvelous tale of observation and discovery to relate, but great vacancies in present human knowledge of the great southern continent will be filled.

Peace Among Christians

PEACE is not a primary virtue.

In one sense of the word, peace under certain circumstances is not a virtue at all.

There is no virtue in the peace of the graveyard. Nor in the peace of the dungeon. Nor in the peace of the opium den.

When people allow their convictions to die, so that they no longer hold to anything to which they are willing to pledge their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, they may enjoy the peace of the graveyard, but they are not practicing any virtue.

When people are willing to submit their lives and their minds to a spiritual dictator, to become prisoners under the rule of a spiritual jailer, they may enjoy the peace of the dungeon, but they are not free to develop peace as a virtue.

When people drug themselves with superstition, they may possibly sink into the peace of the opium den, but that can hardly be accounted to them as a virtue.

"If it be possible," said the Apostle to the Gentiles; and he repeated his qualification in another form for emphasis: "As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." Being wise, he knew that if you have convictions and a sense of values it is not always possible. And to these words may be coupled those of the most practical of New Testament idealists: "The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable."

Conflict within the Church has not been, therefore, altogether to the Church's discredit. The forms which that conflict has taken, the cruelty that has too often accompanied it, the bigotry and pharisaism that throughout its history have masqueraded as true soldiers of faith and truth, have brought shame upon the Church; but not always necessarily the conflict itself. Savonarola, Luther, Wesley, and a great company of others have been heroes of conflict within the Church that have contributed to the Church's glory.

The first accusation brought against the early Christians was that they were causing disturbances and were turning the world upside down; and the charge was true. Those early Christians were not only in controversy with the rest of the world, but were in controversy often among themselves. Paul and Barnabas had scarcely finished their dispute with the converts from Jerusalem when they were separated by a serious disagreement, the one from the other.

And so it has been throughout the history of the Church from that day to this. In the faith that the Church professes there is a ferment that causes turmoi not only in the outside world, but al in the Church itself.

For centuries the Church tried quell this turmoil by means of extern authority. Throughout the Middle Ag a single ecclesiastical organization co ered the whole of Europe. In place the Holy Roman Empire, which slowl crumbled, there was the Holy Cathol Church. Yet the form of unity did n even conceal dissension. We speak t day of "warring sects;" but we spea figuratively. During the Middle Ag ecclesiastical wars were wars indee even armed conflicts not directly co cerned with questions of ecclesiastic authority or doctrinal beliefs were oft tinctured with questions of belief or cle ical authority. As Martineau has said his book "The Seat of Authority in R ligion:" "The Church has never su ceeded in maintaining peace and concu rence within her precincts. Her disc pline has been exercised, not in wardi off, but in punishing and culling ou variations. . . . The great ecclesiastic heroes won all their victories over fellov disciples—Tertullian over Praxias, Ath nasius over Arius, Augustine over Pel gius, Cyril over Nestorius, Hincmar ov Gottschalk: the battle-ground was with the sacred enclosure, and its discorda din mingled with the hymns of wo shipers."

Sometimes those who weary of co troversy picture a future in which agre ment will be attained through one gre organization. They hope for unic through uniformity. They seek for so formula of doctrine and of polity whic will bring peace among Christians. A history is evidence against any suc means of securing peace. And even if were possible to achieve peace in th way it would not be desirable. "Why, asks Martineau, "should we attribut the highest divinity to a crystallize church, and the lowest humanity to crystallized civilization?"

There is assembling in Lausann Switzerland, this week a great Confe ence on Faith and Order. Originate by men of the Protestant Episcopal com munion, this recurrent Conference ha been adopted by people of many diffe ent communions and nationalities. represents a wholesome tendency to-da to rid a divided Church of outgrown an useless barriers in doctrine and polity But that it will bring about uniformit in either polity or doctrine now or here after is not to be expected or desired The Roman Catholic Church is not rep resented in this Conference; because th Roman Catholic Church still holds a tenaciously as ever that unity can b

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tained only by one means—submission
the authority of the See of Rome. It
nbodies the ideal of a crystallized
hurch. Those who refuse to submit
eir minds to such authority will have
find peace in some other way.

When they find peace, they will dis-
ver that it is not the opposite of con-
ct. Peace is not a matter of circum-
ance; it is a matter of the spirit. It
n prevail in the midst of contention
d disagreement. It is often attainable
ly through contention. There was no
ntradiction in the mind of Jesus when
said, on the one hand: "Think not
at I am come to send peace on earth:
ame not to send peace, but a sword;"
d, on the other hand: "Peace I leave
th you, my peace I give unto you: not
the world giveth, give I unto you."

When peace comes among Christians,
will find them still differing from one
other and contending against whatever
evil in the world about them as well
in themselves. Peace is not an out-
rd uniformity, but a state of mind.
en at peace differ, but differ without
ncor. They may not share one an-
her's points of view, but they will not
tribute to one another unworthy mo-
es or bad intentions. They may not
ve common beliefs; they may not be-
g to a common organization; they
y withstand one another when each
inks the other is wrong; but they will
ve a common peace because they will
ve a common spirit. It is of the spirit,
t of any artificial arrangement, that
ace is the fruit.

It is doubtless true, as Mr. Van Kirk
tes, with evidence to substantiate the
tement, in his article elsewhere in this
ue, that the churches are converging.
so, they are converging, not to a com-
n faith and order, in the sense of doc-
ne and polity, but to a common spirit,
common aim, a common purpose.
eology, creeds, doctrines, separate.
t life unites. If the Conference on
ith and Order at Lausanne results in
e discovery on the part of those assem-
d that they share in common the de-
e for the kind of life for themselves
d for the world that their Master
me to bring, they will find their true
sis of union. They may discover that
ey differ among themselves even more
an they thought they did. They may
d themselves further apart in their
eories of organization and in their
rms of worship than they thought they
re. But if they find that they are
rsuing a common way of life toward a
mmon end in a common spirit they
ll find a peace that no conflict can
nish.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

Lubberizing the Sea

WE have always felt that one of the major atrocities of the World War—an atrocity, by the way, which never found celebration in any book, black, green, or yellow—was committed by a young American naval officer of our acquaintance. He dropped into The Outlook office one day, and the conversation turned to things nautical. "By the way," he calmly remarked, "a friend of mine has just bought a new boat. It is quite complete. Downstairs it has the most attractive little parlor and kitchen that you ever saw." That naval officer has since the war returned to the civilian life whence he came, and, so far as we know, he is still unhanged. His lubberly spirit, moreover, like John Brown's, still seems to be marching on, for the face of the waters to-day is encumbered with hundreds, if not thousands, who have no more regard for the niceties of nautical language or the exactness of nautical terms than this Reserve officer.

In a recent issue of one of the most popular of boating magazines we discovered a forward deck which had become a front deck, a galley described as a kitchen, lockers called closets, and any number of saloons and cabins which had become dining and sitting rooms. Part of this change in marine nomenclature has been brought about by "monkey-wrench" sailors who have leaped at one bound from the wheel of an automobile to the wheel of a motor boat. Some of these aquatic chauffeurs have not only failed to acquire a marine vocabulary by the transfer, but have also failed to acquire a full set of seagoing manners. They dash in and out of anchored fleets or tear past racing yachts completely oblivious of the fact that they leave behind them a wake disastrous alike to comfort and to fine sailing. Not infrequently they add to the physical affront the ocular annoyance of a display of colors contrary to all the accepted canons of maritime etiquette. The prevalence of this disregard for customary etiquette can be readily ascertained by glancing through the pages of almost any present-day boating journal. Even those who have cruisers to sell and those who set themselves up as authorities on the sea show a lamentable ignorance of what is what.

An illustrated article in a magazine devoted to motor boating recently attempted to set the devotees of this sport on the right course so far as the display of colors is concerned. In the text of the article it said that the ensign, when under way, should be flown at the main peak. That is correct, but the illustration which accompanied the article showed the same ensign flying about three-quarters of the way up the leech. A yachtsman, commenting upon the illustration, said, "I didn't know that President Coolidge had died." Those familiar with the ways of the sea will not be surprised at his concern for the health of our Chief Executive.

Sea etiquette is not a wholly arbitrary thing. It springs fundamentally from a spirit of courtesy and from time-tried customs which make for ease and efficiency afloat. "Miscalling technicalities," the sin which offended the veteran McAndrew of Kipling's hymn, is as disastrous as it is unnecessary. There are too many people let loose on the waters who do not take the time or the patience to learn to call things correctly.

In a crowded anchorage a member of our staff recently saw a young man who had had several years' experience in harbor sailing respond to the order, "Stand by to douse the jib," by letting fly the jib sheets. The young man later explained his mistake by saying that he had not understood the order which he had received. In the instance cited his mistake meant only a second try at the mooring buoy, but it might have had more serious consequences than merely provoking the onlookers' amusement.

Yachting in all its phases is a growing sport. Never before have so many opportunities existed for men and women to find safe and health-giving recreation on lakes and seas. The development of standardized craft of all varieties has vastly stimulated the desires of those who are anxious to get away from the crowded highways that make motoring in the vicinity of our great cities a vexation rather than a pleasure. Everything should be done to encourage the use of our waterways both by windjammers and motor cruisers, but those who take to the water should remember that they are entering upon the practice of an ancient art which has many reasonable customs that must be observed if the fullest enjoyment and the greatest degree of safety is to be achieved. If they take time to learn the ways of the sea, they won't evoke from older practitioners of the art of navigation the comment which a Gloucesterman recently made anent the antics of an amateur sailor in a small sloop. This descendant of many generations of fishermen watched the sloop attempting to beat past Ten Pound Island, and then remarked dryly of its helmsman, "Well, there's lots of bo'ts he ain't sailed." There are occasions when independence of precedent is not the hall-mark of a

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liberal mind, but merely proof of sheer ignorance.

The Shadow on the Ring

THOSE who have attacked professional boxing because of its brutality have accomplished little towards the improvement of a sport which holds the intense interest of millions of people. Professional boxing is, to our way of thinking, no more brutal than a hard-played game of football. Any criticism must be based on other grounds. And there is criticism enough to satisfy every one concerning the present status of the boxing game. It is condemned by many of those who most eagerly turn their hard-earned dollars over to the fight promoters because it has been thoroughly commercialized. It is condemned by thousands who eagerly scan the newspaper headlines for the result of the latest fight because it is so crooked it is not worth reading about.

The latest bout of National celebrity seems to have established a record in the production of criticism of these two varieties. Mr. Tex Rickard, who promoted the fight between Dempsey and Sharkey, and Messrs. Dempsey and Sharkey themselves have all made too much money from one evening's entertainment. In this case the referee's integrity is not doubted, but the fight itself, we are vociferously told by many eminent sporting writers, was not on the level because the referee's circle of vision did not seem to include the area of Mr. Sharkey's anatomy below his high-hitched trunks. Mr. Dempsey, who is accused of landing —very likely unintentionally—an unfair blow in this forbidden territory, has been before the beneficiary of favorable coincidences. They still talk of his plaster-of-paris bandages, said to have been used in overcoming Mr. Willard; of the illegal assistance which he received and accepted in getting back into the ring after having been removed therefrom somewhat hastily by Señor Firpo; and of the charge that when he surrendered his crown to Mr. Tunney he did so with a graciousness which is not an essential part of ring etiquette. Of all these charges there does not seem to be any proof which would hold in a court of law. Yet the charges circulate and the clamor grows and the purses mount, as Dempsey is again ballyhooed for another coming battle of the century. The point is not whether these suspicions and charges are true or not; the point is that they seem inherent in the professional fighting game. Charges of fraud of this kind, even when they are without foundation, seem almost an inevitable part of a business in which the financial reward is all out of proportion to the effort and intelligence involved. It is to the promoter's advantage to stage the battles which will draw the largest possible crowd. A picturesque personality or a reputation as a slugger is of more cash value to a promoter than a reputation for integrity or for technical skill.

If a golf professional were accused on several occasions of kicking a ball out of a bad lie or of dropping an unneeded stroke, he would, if any one of the charges were sustained, be out of tournament play for the rest of his natural life. And the charges would certainly be most carefully examined. That is because golf is a game of honorable traditions in which professional players have yielded no whit to amateurs in the maintenance of its standards. Professional boxing has no such background, and the flood of gold showered upon its successful exponents does not make for the growth or establishment of worth-while traditions.

As long as the public which pays cheerfully through the nose for distant glimpses of fighters in action fails to demand the standards which have kept other sports clean, there seems to be little chance that boxing will come out from under the cloud which shadows it. One suspicious fight which fell flat from a financial point of view would do more to improve the so-called sport of boxing than all the special articles by sport writers that the American press can publish. The future of boxing is in the hands of its cash customers. They will get exactly what they are willing to pay for, nothing more or less.

The Third-Term Scarecrow

POLITICIANS in search of an issue cannot afford to be original. They must resort to something which the people will recognize. It so happens that such an issue lies now ready to hand for those politicians who for one reason or another would like to see President Coolidge defeated. It is the old bugaboo of the third term.

Senator Thomas J. Walsh, of Montana, himself an aforetime and still a possible candidate for the Presidential nomination on the Democratic ticket, has discovered for himself "the depth and virility of anti-third-term sentiment throughout the country." He apparently discovered this upon his return from a protracted visit to Europe. When an issue is needed sorely, it can be found almost anywhere.

When the third term issue was l employed to frighten the voters, it not prove to be very awesome. It w dressed in sheets and painted with ph phorus in 1912; but its uselessness w registered in the record of eight electo votes for Taft and eighty-eight Roosevelt. Its effect on the poll w negligible.

There may be a few people in Amer who are still afraid that the President chair may be metamorphosed into throne and the President into a monar There may be a few others who thi that because George Washington clined to be President for a third te no man, even though he has been elec President but once, should be permitt to serve more than eight years, whet interrupted or consecutive. There probably many more who would like see political jobs handed about m freely than they are likely to be with frequent changes in the Chief Executi But the people at large are not inclir to take the alarmist, the traditional or the politician very seriously. Opp nents of President Coolidge will have find a better issue than that of the th term if they wish to put somebody e in his place.

Motor-Car Marauders

IN "Outdoor America," owned a published by the Izaak Walt League of America, there is a br article which deserves wide publicity. is by Gertrude H. McDonald, lover wild flowers, who has attempted to store the natural beauty of a small s tion of the soil of Illinois. Of her perience in attempting to protect l property she writes:

Our woods is in a secluded positio a half-mile from the main highwa and also some little distance from seldom-used crossroad. Notwithstan ing this fact, every Sunday aut lined the crossroad from dawn unt dark while the holiday crowd wa dered through the woods gatherir the lovely blossoms. They not onl picked, but, what is more deadl pulled up by the roots the plan which have a surface growth, as in th case of the delicate ferns. With ap palling indifference these pickers ca ried the quickly withering flowers t cast them to oblivion in an auto to neau. The torn-off roots, cast asid dried up, and the fragile tops we wilted beyond reviving before the same people reached the city some te miles away.

This thoughtless picking is onl gratifying a momentary desire, an the end is destruction to the flower If only these people would be satisfie

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to feast their eyes on the gorgeous vistas, then pass on and leave the pristine glory for others to view.

I put up a "no trespass" sign, with absolutely no effect. The marauders came each week, so that Sunday became a day of harrowing experiences. Every corner of the woodlot was invaded and all blossoms dragged off. As a last, desperate resort I used the threat of the sheriff. This was effective, but, as it had to be repeated quite often, it became nerve racking. In time, however, I became "hard boiled" and minded very little the active vituperation of people with hands and baskets filled with the flowers as I ordered them out.

Miss McDonald's experience is the xperience of all those who are unfortuate enough to live where autos congreate. City dwellers seem to have as litе respect for the rights of others as ıey have for the natural beauties which ıey profane. One sympathizes with the ırmer who posted a sign in a grove of is trees:

THIS IS NO STY
TWO-LEGGED HOGS
PLEASE ROOT ELSEWHERE

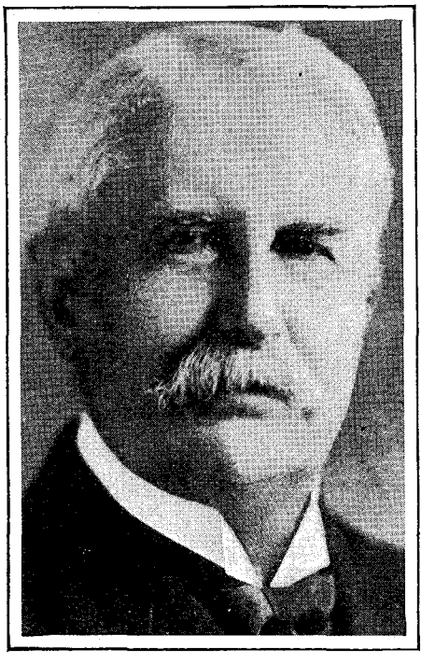
lis manners may not have been Chesrfieldian, but his meaning was clear.

Henry White

COULD the World War have been prevented?

Those who believe that it ɔuld have been can support their belief y pointing to the fact that it was preented—once. That was in 1905. Conitions then were in some respects more ıvorable for a successful appeal by Gerıany to arms than they were in 1914. he German Emperor's *coup d'état,* xecuted by his arrival unexpectedly in 'angier on March 31 of that year, rought war perilously near. The Gerıan Emperor was counting upon the loofness of the United States. He knew ery well the disposition of the United tates to refrain from becoming involved ı the political affairs of Europe. In the risis a conference was called to meet at lgeciras, in Spain, just across the bay om Gibraltar. The first thing to ıwart the Kaiser's plan was President oosevelt's agreement to have the nited States represented officially at ıat Conference. As senior American elegate to the Algeciras Conference resident Roosevelt chose Henry White. o modestly did Mr. White do his work, ɔ little did he say about it afterwards, ıat the world did not realize what merica's representation at Algeciras meant for the preservation of peace. Indeed, it can be reasonably maintained that the World War would have begun nine years earlier than it did actually begin if it had not been for President Roosevelt's action and Mr. White's service.

By making it clear, in the first place,



Wide World (C) Harris & Ewing
Henry White, American diplomat
1850–1927

that the United States, with all its power, was opposed to an aggressive policy, and, in the second place, that the United States assumed no responsibility and reserved its liberty of action, Henry White, under the authority of President Roosevelt, at once preserved the independence of the United States from European entanglements and yet warned Europe, and specifically Germany, that it was interested in the preservation of world peace.

It is futile to speculate on what might have happened if the United States had acted in 1914 with the foresight, the courage, and the sagacity with which it acted in 1905, when the Algeciras Conference was called, and in 1906, when the Algeciras Conference was held.

When Henry White died last month at his home in Lenox, Massachusetts, there was scant mention made of this inestimable service of his. People who bring on wars or finish them invariably become world figures; but those who prevent wars, although their service to the world is far greater, are likely to be ignored and forgotten. For that reason Henry White will probably be more generally remembered as one of the delegates to the Peace Conference at Paris which negotiated the treaty that concluded the World War than he will be as the senior delegate of the Conference that put off that World War from starting for nine years. And yet his service at the Paris Conference was almost a mere formality. Like the other Peace Commissioners, he was overshadowed there by President Wilson. Admiring President Wilson as he did, and supporting him loyally, he nevertheless had no such effect upon the Treaty of Versailles as he had upon the treaty drawn up at Algeciras. Though he was never active in party politics, he was nominally a Republican, and therefore served to give the delegation at Paris a bi-partisan character; but his presence on the delegation did not even serve to ease the way of the Treaty through the Republican Senate. So the most conspicuous of his diplomatic services turned out to be perhaps one of the least significant. That this was true was due to circumstances over which Mr. White had no control.

If what he did at Algeciras was the greatest of his services, it was not by any means the only great service that he rendered. He was one of our diplomats who made diplomacy a career; and he did this at a time when the tradition in America was—as it still to some degree remains—to depend upon diplomatic amateurs. His acquaintance with diplomatic affairs and his training in those accomplishments which lubricate the machinery of diplomacy began long before he entered the diplomatic service itself. When he was thirty-three years old he was appointed by President Arthur as secretary of the Legation at Vienna, then successively he was second secretary at London, first secretary, then, after being recalled by President Cleveland, first secretary again at London, senior delegate to the agricultural conference at Rome that established the International Institute of Agriculture, then, by appointment of President Roosevelt, Ambassador to Italy, serving while in that office as senior delegate to the Conference at Algeciras, then Ambassador to France, chairman of the American delegation to the fourth Pan-American Congress, and special American Ambassador to Chile, and, finally, delegate to the Peace Conference at Paris.

In his autobiography Theodore Roosevelt wrote:

> The American public rarely appreciate the high quality of the work done by some of our diplomats—work, usually entirely unnoticed and unrewarded, which redounds to the interest and honor of all of us. The most useful man in the entire diplomatic service, during my Presidency, and

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for many years before, was Henry White; and I say this having in mind the high quality of work done by such admirable ambassadors and ministers as Bacon, Meyer, Straus, O'Brien, Rockhill, and Egan, to name only a few among many. When I left the Presidency, White was Ambassador to France; shortly afterwards he was removed by Mr. Taft, for reasons unconnected with the good of the service.

A career to which such a tribute can be paid should serve as a challenge to the ambition of many a young American.

Some Remarks on the Jews

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THE quarrel of Henry Ford with the Jews, which has now been settled out of court by an apology, has turned the attention of the whole country to the race whose ancestors were the Children of Israel. As we Gentiles use the term, the name Jew is applied to those traditional descendants of Shem, the son of Noah, who practice, or whose immediate parents have practiced, the rites and ceremonies of the ancient Hebrew religion; and who possess that class consciousness and display those class manners and traits that have been specifically associated with Jews for many, many centuries.

Ethnologically speaking, there is no Jewish race, for the Israelites in their long centuries of wandering have had such admixtures of blood—Spanish, Portuguese, French, Italian, Russian, German, and even English—that they partake of the racial characteristics of these admixtures. The vast majority of Jews in this country are of Russian or German descent. When a New Yorker of Anglo-Saxon blood thinks of a Jew, he thinks of an East Side garment worker or pawnbroker, not of a Baruch Spinoza or a Felix Mendelssohn or an Isaac D'Israeli or a Moses Montefiore. This, I think, is the main root of the anti-Jewish feeling in the United States, especially in New York.

And as this article is written, not in condemnation of the American Jews, but in their praise, I may perhaps in passing indulge in a frank suggestion. If the respected Jewish leaders in New York like Rabbi Wise and Mr. Louis Marshall would devote not quite so much time and energy to defending the social rights of their less cultivated and less fortunate coreligionists and more time to aiding them to correct their social manners we should all be happier. Let any fair-minded man take a railway journey from New York into Sullivan County ('tis a little comic, this juxtaposition of Sullivan and Cohen) on an express train of the Ontario and Western Railway in July or August, and I believe he will agree with me that the anti-Jewish irritation—at least in New York—is based not upon religion but manners.

"Manners maketh man," said William of Wykeham. The seventy or eighty per cent of truth in this aphorism is confirmed by history. The lack of manners nearly destroyed Lincoln; the possession of manners was the source of much of Washington's strength; it was manners that endeared Beaconsfield to Queen Victoria and led his rival, Sir William Harcourt, to say that when "Dizzy" left the House of Commons for the House of Lords all the chivalry and charm of politics seemed to go with him. Charles Lamb, writing more than a hundred years ago, described what a cultivation of manners had done for the English Jew in his time:

> Marlowe's Jew does not approach so near to Shakespeare's, as his Edward II does to Richard II. Shylock, in the midst of his savage purpose, is a man. His motives, feelings, resentments, have something human in them. . . . Barabas [the notorious figure in Marlowe's "Jew of Malta"] is a mere monster, brought in with large painted nose to please the rabble. He kills in sport, poisons whole nunneries, invents infernal machines. He is just such an exhibition as a century or two earlier might have been played before the Londoners *by the Royal Command,* when a general pillage and massacre of the Hebrews had been previously resolved on in the Cabinet. It is curious to see a superstition wearing out. The idea of a Jew (which our pious ancestors contemplated with such horror) has nothing in it now revolting. We have tamed the claws of the beast, and pared its nails, and now we take it to our arms, fondle it, write plays to flatter it; it is visited by princes, affects a taste, patronizes the arts, and is the only liberal and gentlemanlike thing in Christendom.

This passage, in spite of its half-concealed irony, illumines the problem which often perplexes alike the American Gentile and the American Jew. Pillage and massacre, which have had such a terrible and malign influence on tl Jewish character, no longer exist amor English-speaking peoples. The legal ar property rights of the Jew in this cou try are as secure and safe as those any other citizen. What remains for tl mass of Jews—in New York at least— to cultivate their tastes and manners, make them more harmonious with tl social standards of the country. T speak frankly, they need to keep the eye on Charles Lamb's word "gentl manlike."

This is in process of consummatio and when it is accomplished the Je will exert a very great and benign infl ence on American culture. The Jewi contribution to this culture is alrea very great. Take the fine art of mus for instance. New York is now, it not an exaggeration to say, the music center of the world. This could not if it were not for the intellectual a financial support of our Jewish citizer The other evening I heard the nob Ninth Symphony of Beethoven's at o of the daily summer concerts in t Lewisohn Stadium of the College of tl City of New York. These superb co certs exist almost solely because of tl generosity of their chief sponsor, M Adolf Lewisohn, a Jewish banker of Ne York. He gave the costly stadium a he has organized and supported the co certs. But even all his generosity cou not make these concerts go if they we not supported by the public. What that public? In no small part Jewis as it also is at our winter orchestral a chamber music concerts. The Preside of the Metropolitan Opera Company a Vice-President of the Philharmonic O chestra is also a New York banker Jewish extraction. We Gentiles owe debt of gratitude to our Jewish fello citizens for enabling us to gratify o love for music.

The other day—I believe it was a tually the day after I had heard tl Ninth Symphony—I picked up from tl desk of a colleague in The Outlook offi a small, beautifully printed book whic reminded me that we owe to a Ne York Jewish banker one of the greate contributions made in modern times the fine art of letters. I refer to tl "Loeb Classical Library," made possib by the taste and munificence of M James Loeb. Here are more than tw hundred volumes of handy size contai ing carefully selected and edited texts the original of the great Greek and Lati authors. Facing the pages of the Gre or Latin text are translations by tl most competent linguists of England a America. The "Loeb Classical Library is a monumental work of scholarshi

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literary art that would make Eras- , and his Venetian friend Aldus green ı envy. It puts the whole range of ek and Latin literature at the com- ıd of any intelligent English-speaking ıon, and we owe it primarily to Jew- :ulture and generosity.

'he volume of this really splendid ary which I happened to pick up was first of fourteen devoted to Plu- h's "Moralia." In it I find that arch, writing on "how to tell a flat- r from a friend," concludes his essay ı this pertinent passage:

It is necessary to treat frankness as a fine art, inasmuch as it is the greatest and most potent medicine in friendship, always needing, however, all care to hit the right occasion, and a tempering with moderation. Since, then, as has been said, frankness from its very nature is often painful to the man to whom it is applied, there is need to follow the example of the physicians; for they, in a surgical operation, do not leave the part that has been operated upon in its suffering and pain, but treat it with soothing lotions and fomentations; nor do persons that use admonition with skill simply apply its bitterness and sting and then run away; but by further converse and gentle words they mollify and assuage, even as stone-cutters smooth and polish the portions of statues that have been previously hammered and chiseled.

I hope my Jewish friends, of whom I have many that I value, will not think that the frankness of this article has overstepped the bounds of friendship nor that I have been negligent of the excellent advice of Plutarch.

Canada Disarmed

By DOUGLAS MACKAY

THE nations are arming again, and it would almost seem as - though they were doing so in : of their better judgment. For e ships-of-war are being launched ernments strive in conference to e to disarm. At Geneva, when the ted States, Great Britain, and Japan ggled to reach some accord on the tation of naval armament, there was ent an extraordinary analogy which sedulous press overlooked. A dis- ed nation was represented at the ırmament Conference.

he Dominion of Canada was repre- ed at Geneva by the Hon. Ernest ointe, Minister of Justice. He alone d sign any agreement on behalf of Dominion. Yet the nation which he esented was the "most disarmed" ld Power of all time. While the e great countries crouched poised on chalk-line, ready to sprint into a new ament race, the Dominion stood by, ally interested.

wo destroyers and two mine-sweep- comprise the royal Canadian navy. s diminutive equipment is all that ada feels called upon to maintain in nse of her ocean-borne commerce— Canada is one of the great maritime ers of the world. Two great coast- s, ships on all the trade routes of the ld, and four antiquated vessels for a y. In Canada there is no demand a big navy. The country simply is interested. The troops maintained the Dominion are hardly enough to press a civil disorder.

he permanent force consists of about)0 officers and men, and the units are cattered across the country as to be little military value in a sudden rgency. Highly trained officers are ıout men to command. Bare skele- s of such historic regiments as the ıcess Patricia's Canadian Light In- fantry, Royal Canadian Dragoons, and Strathcona Horse are maintained. There is no military policy, as in Australia, and an exponent of universal military training or compulsory officers' training in the universities would be laughed off a public platform. All this in a proud, high-spirited country which raised 619,- 000 men in the late war and left 50,000 dead in Europe.

THE origins of this apathy are to be found in the people. Canadians are not frontier-sensitive. The 3,000 miles of unguarded border has become an oratorical bromide and an after-dinner anathema, but it is none the less a magnificent truth for the rest of the world to study. The other frontiers are the oceans. There is no jealous enemy at the gate. Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, perhaps the keenest military mind in Great Britain, in speaking of Europe being more heavily armed than in 1915, has said that it is not due to any imperialistic motive, but to sheer funk. Europeans are all jumpy and are keeping their side-arms on. There are no such nerves in Canada.

This unparalleled military policy—or lack of military policy—which Canada has followed can be traced to three causes:

1. Canada's geographical remoteness from racial jealousies and frontier sores of Europe and Asia.
2. The existence of the British navy.
3. The proximity of the United States.

Taking the last cause first, we have a delicate subject of which Canadians rarely speak. The blunt fact is that any enemy to Canada becomes *ipso facto* an enemy of the United States. No country could menace Canada's shores without menacing the peace of the North American Continent. No Canadian statesman has ever admitted publicly that Canada has economized in armaments for home defense because the United States was the big brother with the shotgun ready. As a proud people taking pride in British military traditions, such arguments would not be tolerated in British North America. Yet to logical minds this unspoken, unwritten Canadian-American alliance must be a major factor in Canadian national defense. Canada's small group of professional soldiers are intelligent and highly trained specialists, and it is inconceivable that this eventuality has not been considered, though orthodox military doctrine requires strategists to work out defense problems without regard for mere probable alliances. In the world to-day, nationalist-minded as it is, frank dependence upon a foreign Power for defense is not regarded as a creditable part to play. Perhaps in frank interdependence and less single-minded independence is the secret of the disarmament which the Powers are claiming is their objective.

THAT tough, shrewd old sea-dog, Lord Fisher, has been credited with putting his finger upon this crux of the Canadian defense question. In the House of Commons last year, Henri Bourassa, independent, nationalist, and French-Canadian member, told the House of an interview he had had with the Admiral shortly before he became First Sea Lord. It was mentioned incidentally in one of Mr. Bourassa's rather lengthy speeches, and consequently did not receive much notice in the press. Mr. Bourassa said:

> Canada, constituted as she is, is in a better position to advance the cause of peace than perhaps any other nation on earth.
>
> One of the reasons is that any preparation for war we would make would

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be absolutely useless to us. Just a few weeks before Lord Fisher took command of the British fleet he said to me: "It is foolish on the part of Canada to spend money in naval armaments or Imperial armaments. It is foolish and useless, because you may rest assured that England will never fight for Canada against the United States, the only country which can successfully attack Canada—not because we are not willing to do so, but because we cannot. Therefore why should you spend your money in participating in a defense which is useless to your country? If you want to make Canada safe from outside attacks, do not come here to London and talk with our ship-builders, but go to Washington and make a working arrangement for the defense of your country in common with the United States." But I said, "Oh, Lord Fisher, we have such great patriots in Canada that they would never admit of such a shameful thing as having an understanding with a foreign country to defend us." He said: "Are you so foolish in Canada? Don't you realize that the world is made up of such dependency? Do you consider that we in England are humbling ourselves because we rely on the French army to fight for us on the Continent, and because France relies on the British navy to protect her northern coast, just as for years Germany relied on England to protect her, and as we relied on Germany to occupy France while we took her colonies? Do you think it is a humble thing for Belgium to count on Germany to defend her against France, or on France to defend her against Germany? No country on earth can get along without an understanding with some other country, and the most natural understandings are made between people who are neighbors and who have common interests." Therefore I say that if we are in need of defense we will not find it in Europe; we would do better to have a cordial and worthy understanding with the United States in time of peace and in view of war, and to rely on the United States for the succor which Great Britain will be unable to give us.

The only way by which we can prevent the absorption of Canada by the United States is precisely by having the best possible understanding with that country. It would be far better to maintain a spirit of Canadianism and to prevent the social, economic, mental, and moral penetration of Americans into the souls of our young people, and then have an understanding as between government and government such as all countries have.

In doing that, sir, we would simply be continuing what has been the British policy ever since the days when George Canning concluded with President Monroe an alliance or an understanding under which the United States made good for England on the remainder of her possessions in America, providing England took care that neither France nor Spain would endeavor to possess any portion of America again. That was not quite idealistic, but it was a very sensible and practical policy, which has held good ever since. Whenever I go to England, I meet Tories, Liberals, statesmen, diplomats, and journalists, disagreeing on all points of policy except on the Monroe Doctrine. They consider, and have considered for a century, that the Monroe Doctrine is the permanent basis of British politics in America.

Lord Fisher's opinion is the only statement of the kind which has ever come from "higher up." It is curious that this bluff old "big gun" admiral should enunciate so clearly what many patriotic—and Imperial-minded—Canadians have thought about but dared not talk of for fear of being falsely branded as renegades.

The existence of the British navy may have something to do with the disarmed condition of Canada, but not as much as a superficial observer might suspect.

There is in the Empire a type of Imperialist who regards the Dominion as a contemptible parasite for not contributing more to the defense of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and there are those in Canada who actually advocate cash payments to Great Britain to be devoted to the royal navy. But Canada's naval policy—such as it is, with its four small vessels—was settled in 1911. The Government of that day decided to create a royal Canadian navy rather than contribute capital ships or cash to the British navy. Those were in the days of the European armament races, when the dreadnaughts were the monsters of the sea. Canada was expected to do something, so the skeleton was created. During the war the skeleton actually had some meat on its bones, though not much; but to-day it is the same old rattling structure, and Canadians are satisfied. At least the people do not demand more, and certainly no government is going to build war-vessels if there is no popular demand for them. Moreover, governments of Canada do not endeavor to create any demand for a greater navy.

An observer might say that it was under the wing of the British navy that Canada cowered defenseless. The teaching in the schools of the greatness of the Empire and the power of the British navy appears to have had the effect of setting minds at rest on naval matters. The brilliant performance of the n during the war thrilled the whole po lation of the Empire and gave undo edly a sense of ownership, although a penny of Canadian money goes to royal navy. As to actual defense, British navy is only remotely interes in Canada. There are no Imperial na bases in the Dominion and his Majes ships pay only casual calls to Canac ports.

Australia, a Pacific Power, is keen naval development, and maintains brisk, efficient force of six light cruis two submarines, and many light cr New Zealand contributes to the r navy, and both countries are strong vocates of a great British naval bas Singapore. Canada too is a Pa Power. But why does the Domir only pay 29 cents per capita for na defense? It would seem that L Fisher had sensed the whole situa and stated it for the benefit of inart late Canadians. So the British na prestige can be held responsible for c part of Canada's extraordinary posit

SINCE the war the various "situatio which have arisen in Europe h meant little to Canada. The oil of I sul, the race hatreds of native India, even the protection of British con sions in China have failed to r Canadians. When the trouble in Orient was acute during the past win a few military-minded offered th selves for any expeditionary force, the country as a whole was not stir and within a week it was all forgotte

While the periodicals of Great Brit keep nervously reviewing the vari possibilities of war, the subject is pra cally never heard in Canada except an annual day in Parliament, when c tain Farm Progressive members dem the reduction of the few thousand d lars voted annually for cadet traini Periodicals from the United States (which load the news-stands of Canac have in recent years played up war c ries and the predictions of retired g erals, as well as much comment by servers on the subject of arms and man. Yet in the midst of all this C ada has produced little or no war ficti and very few war memoirs have b published, despite the fact that there l been something of a literary revival the country since the war. It is nota that these people who put their l ounce into the war and were ready put their last dollar are now so conspi ously indifferent to the whole business

Canada's complacency is reflected dollars and cents when the expendit for army and navy in the various pa

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f the British Empire are tabulated. he following is the per capita expendi- ire in Great Britain and the Domin- ns:

Canada	$1.46
New Zealand	2.33
South Africa	2.92
Australia	3.20
Great Britain	15.32

And it should be remembered that Canada is the oldest and most populous of the Dominions. Occasionally a statesman from a sister Dominion visits Canada and points to these figures with significant gestures. Canadians become at once indignant and editorial writers announce that, while distinguished visitors are always welcome, Canadians do not have to be told of their duty to their country and the Empire. Undoubtedly the distinguished visitor decides that Canadians are a shameless lot.

The truth is that Canadians are a patriotic people, strong for the Imperial connections, yet in matters of armament indifferent almost to the point of active pacifism.

Why Pick on Prohibition?

By a Confirmed Criminal

I LEARN by reading Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler that the Eighteenth Amendment has made us a nation lawbreakers. I'm very grateful for ie explanation. I've been a persistent, nsistent lawbreaker for more than ten ears, and I've never before known why. ou can understand my reason for writ- g anonymously. I can't be sent up for e under the Baumes Law because I've ly been caught three times and I don't ve in New York State, but there's no e advertising myself to the home-town lice.

Yes, I'm a (or an) habitual criminal -and now it seems that I can lay it all prohibition. I do not drink. I do ot deal in alcoholic liquors, either as ender or vendee. I do not serve drinks my friends. I began my criminal ca- er some time before the adoption of ie Eighteenth Amendment and before Ir. Volstead became famous. It would ever have occurred to me to lay my ns at prohibition's door had not Dr. utler convinced me that the Eighteenth mendment is the root of all lawbreak- g among respectable folk; that it alone as broken down respect for authority id made us a nation of scofflaws.

F my case were exceptional, I might think Dr. Butler's reasoning covered ie rest of humanity and left me to a ivate accounting with my conscience, it my case is not exceptional. My wife eaks the law almost as diligently as I. ur friends break it. The mayor of our wn, the pastor of our church, the achers in our schools, the members of ir city council—all of them are law- eakers day by day. The only law- biders of my acquaintance are those ho lack the necessary machinery for iminality—and some of them jaywalk. don't know one solitary owner of an tomobile who never exceeds the legal eed limit.

Do you? Can you call to mind any iver of a vehicle faster than an electric who does not disregard the law with some degree of frequency? If you meet one who makes such a claim, say to him, "What, never?" and if he is honest he will answer, "Well, hardly ever," and be none too honest at that.

I DOUBT whether it is reasonably possible for a person to do much driving and keep wholly within the law. Many small towns in our neighborhood have twelve-mile speed limits, and some have an eight-mile limit at street crossings. Did you ever try to drive through a town at twelve miles an hour and to slow down to eight at every crossing? Try it some time. An engine has to be running very smoothly to slow down to eight miles an hour without either shifting gears or stalling.

Our State has a thirty-five-mile limit on open roads. Most of us make it a point not to drive more than twice the limit. Those of us who have long distances to cover—two hundred, three hundred, even five hundred or more miles in a day—know that such distances are not made at thirty-five miles an hour. And, judging by the number of cars that pass us on the road, ours is not the only business that requires a man to get where he is going. One day last fall Mrs. Criminal and I drove from Kingman, Kansas, to Colorado Springs between 6:15 in the morning and 6:15 in the evening—four hundred and eighty-one miles in twelve hours (we lunched in the hour's change from Central to Mountain time). We would try to claim the long-distance sustained lawbreaking record, but we know that a thousand drivers from coast to coast would rise up to put us to shame. And, after all, automobile lawbreaking is too commonplace to confer much glory.

You will notice that we, the universal lawbreakers, have no shame about our criminality. Every-day lawbreaking is taken for granted, but our out-of-the-ordinary lawbreaking exploits are topics for conversation around the dinner table, and the rare and unlucky wight who has received a ticket for turning against a traffic signal or for parking overtime receives sympathy and razzing in the same chorus at the club. There is no sense of shame, no apology for guilt. We are brazen as well as habitual criminals—we, the twenty million people in the United States who drive motor cars.

And to think that all this lawlessness, this unconcerned contempt for authority, this conscious disregard for the statutes in such case made and provided, can all be blamed on prohibition!

I HAD rather thought the converse was true. It had seemed to me that long before the Eighteenth Amendment our people were being schooled in disregard of law by the failure of motor laws to keep step with motor progress. It had seemed to me that laws passed in the days of two-cylinder vehicles and applied in the days of four-wheel brakes were engendering a spirit of deliberate lawlessness certain to extend to more serious matters and likely to undermine such respect as we may previously have had for constituted authority. It had even seemed to me that much of the flouting of the Eighteenth Amendment might be traced to the state of mind occasioned by habitual flouting of traffic ordinances. Apparently I am wrong, for Butler says it's prohibition, and Butler is an honorable man.

BEING a lawbreaker, however, and therefore without due respect for the law, the Constitution, and the voice of authority as represented by Dr. Butler and the Association Against Prohibition, I think I shall continue to oppose the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment until I can be assured that all drivers of automobiles have come to universal respect for the traffic laws.

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Converging Churches

By WALTER W. VAN KIRK

STONE-THROWING among Christians is soon to become a lost art. The entire Christian world is eager to wipe out the shame of a divided Church. We see evidences of this in the United States, in China, India, Japan, and in Europe. To-day there is more genuine interest in the question of Christian unity than at any time since the Lutheran Reformation.

There is a reason for this.

As long as the Christian Church is split up into divisive factions its ministry to mankind will be tragically handicapped.

How can a warring Church, for example, establish a warless world? Nations must be brought together and the ambassadors of state must compose their quarrels around the conference table—so the Church avers. Declarations to this effect have been solemnly adopted in ecclesiastical conventions and church assemblies.

It is manifest, however, that this campaign for international concord cannot succeed until the Church is at peace with itself. What a fatal inconsistency: bishops, priests, and pastors calling upon the politicians to establish peace among the nations when they themselves are either unable or unwilling to establish peace among the churches! The Armageddon of blood and slaughter through which mankind has so recently passed is an indication of what can and will happen so long as Christians spend a large part of their time and energy fighting one another. Can the blind lead the blind?

The hope of the future peace of the nations rests in the fact that the Church has learned its lesson. The World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches is, as its name implies, an alliance of the Christian forces of more than thirty different nations, "to the end that the spirit of peace and good will may prevail, and that there be substituted arbitration for war in the settlement of international disputes; friendship in place of suspicion and hate; co-operation instead of ruinous competition; and a spirit of service and sacrifice rather than that of greed and gain in all transactions between the nations." In the United States the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America has been instrumental in developing a corporate conscience among the Christians of every denomination constituent to it on the complex problems of peace and war. The friendly co-operation of the Roman Catholic communion has considerably added to the effectiveness of the churches' crusade for the outlawry of war. In laboring thus for peace among the nations the churches are finding peace among themselves.

It is equally true that the democratization of industry is contingent upon a closer federation of the churches. If the profit incentive is ever to be supplanted by the service motive, it will be because a united Christendom has brought this about. The fragmentary and isolated protests of sectarian groups against the injustices of our modern industrial system have only a palliative and not a remedial effect. Poverty, low wages, child labor, and numerous other forms of exploitation could and would be done away with if Christians of every creed and ism were to respond unitedly to the call for a righteous industrialism.

If we cannot forget our religious partisanships, we must remain content with mass illiteracy, caste prejudice, crime waves, social debauchery, industrial iniquities, and international strife. We cannot expect a so-called pagan world to surrender its bigotries when as churchmen and as Christians we cling so tenaciously to our own. The very essence of the Christian ethic is that we shall not preach for others that which we are not willing to practice for ourselves. When, therefore, the Church raises its voice in behalf of social solidarity and of racial and international unity, it is preaching a doctrine that has a boomerang effect upon its own theological and ecclesiastical cleavages.

HARD pressed by the exigencies just referred to, our sectarianism is still further embarrassed when it comes to the task of providing an adequate religious education for the generations of the future. It has been affirmed that in the United States alone between thirty and thirty-five million children and young people are receiving no religious instruction whatever. The destiny of both Church and State is involved here. This problem of spiritual illiteracy must be solved or confusion will overtake the State and darkness will fall upon the churches of our land.

It cannot be too strongly stated that the responsibility for divorcing religion from education belongs to the Church, not to the State. As one prominent American educator has said, "It is because we have held our different religious views and practices in so jealous, divisive, and partisan a fashion that the State has been obliged to withdraw religion from the curriculum and program of its schools."

What are we going to do about it? Manifestly, if sectarianism is to be thought of as the contributing cause of the secularization of our education processes, then only the removal of the cause will facilitate the progress of religious education in the future. Week-day schools of religion cannot and will not be instituted on any large scale, public school authorities cannot be expected to dismiss the children under the charge for purposes of religious instruction, until the different communions have arrived at some common understanding as to the essentials of a Christian education. That the churches are now doing this is a credit to their intelligence and a witness of their essential oneness.

STILL other circumstances are combining to make the strictly denominational position less and less tenable. Christianity was born in the East. The early Church came into being under the influence of a passion for unity and universality. The Christians of the East are now revolting against the sectarianism of Occidental Christianity.

Seventy-four per cent of China's territory has been divided into no less than two hundred spheres of denominational influence. This segmenting of Christians has been going on for years in practically every missionary field. Is it any wonder that these native Christians are now protesting against a denominationalism that runs counter to the very genius of their religious faith? This Eastern impatience with Western creedal divisions has taken a very definite form. National Christian councils have been organized in India, China, and Japan.

As this intercommunion leaven of the East spreads to the West it will accomplish the closer unification of the churches of Christ in Europe and the United States. Already the International Missionary Council and the Foreign Missions Conference of North America are at work in the interest of this world-wide fellowship of Christians. It takes no extraordinary exercise of faith to believe that we are standing upon the

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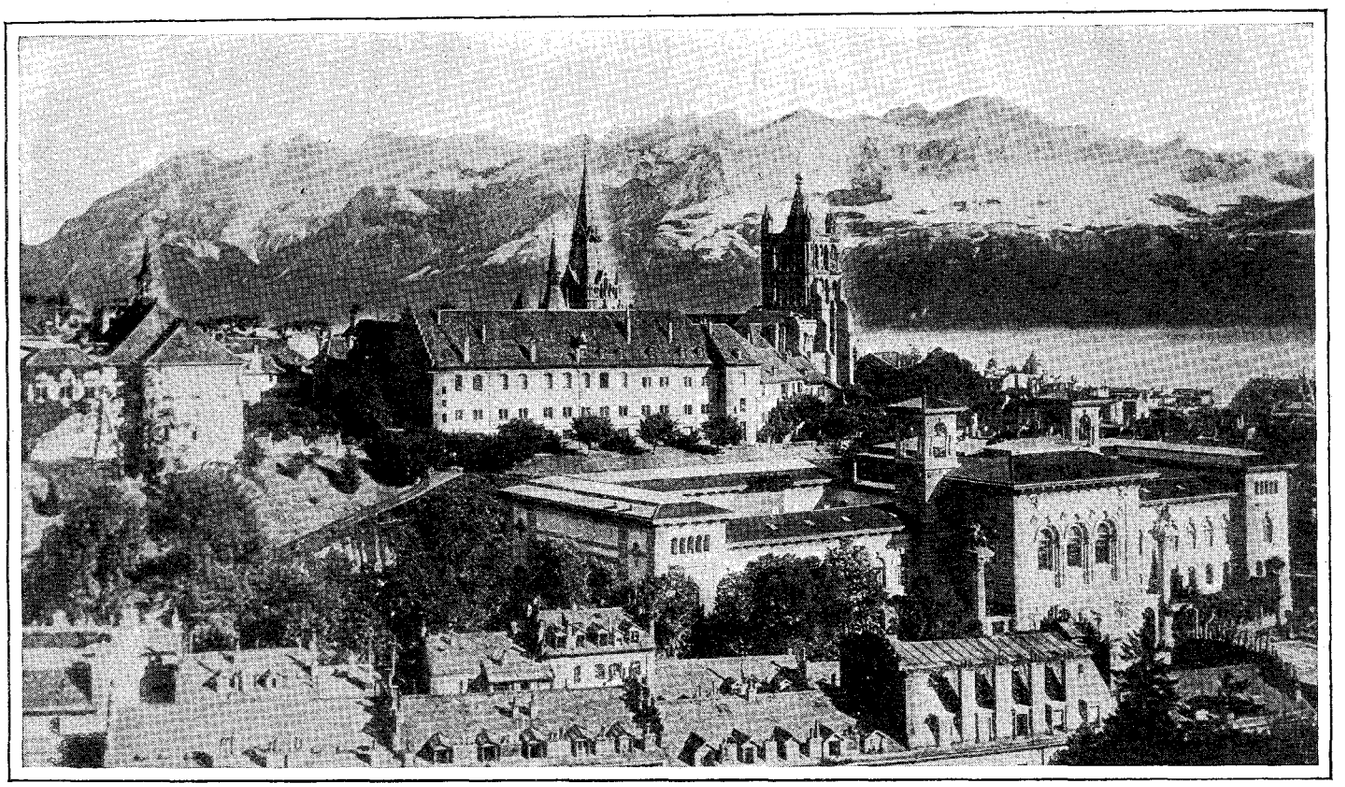

Ewing Galloway, New York

Lausanne, Switzerland, where the Conference on Faith and Order is being held. Who wouldn't be peaceful in such a place ?

threshold of one of the most significant religious movements of the ages.

THIS is all the more true in view of the growing interest of the youth of the world in the problem of Christian unity. To be sure, unnumbered thousands of young people have no thought for the Church. In that respect they are not unlike their fathers. The more serious minded of our young people, however, are giving more thought to the Church than is commonly recognized. By interdenominational conferences and otherwise, the student class in America and elsewhere is evidencing a most wholesome interest in the co-operative work of the churches. They do not express that interest in any widespread enthusiasm for a strictly creedal orthodoxy nor in emotional demonstrations in behalf of sectarianism. But there can be no denying the fact that these same young people have an unprecedented interest in the fundamental realities of a religion that has been stripped of theological and ecclesiastical encumbrances.

In the University of Missouri, for example, there has been organized within recent years a Students' Religious Council. Protestants, Catholics, and Jews are included within the range of this undergraduate experiment in religious fellowship. A Bible College near by is conducted under interdenominational auspices. Four different religious bodies are jointly responsible for its administration. A similar spirit pervades the religious activities of scores of student bodies all over the country. Interdenominational student pastorates have been inaugurated at Ohio University, the Universities of Pennsylvania, Montana, Maine, Oregon, New Hampshire, and Vermont, as well as in the agricultural colleges of a number of States. One of the most far-reaching experiments in religious unity ever undertaken is about to be introduced at the southern branch of the University of California.

Then, too, a large number of interdenominational churches have been established within recent years on or near many college campuses. People's Church of Michigan State College is a conspicuous example of this method of bringing the students of divers communions into a united service of worship. The Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Women's Christian Association lend the influence of their respective organizations to the building of the Church Universal. The World's Student Christian Federation, with branch organizations in nearly half a hundred different countries, is in reality an interconfessional young people's movement in the interest of a united Church. Among theological students of the United States there is a well-organized Interseminary Movement that brings together candidates of a half hundred denominations.

CAN sectarianism long survive such influences?

In Canada there is a United Church. In America, in Europe, in the Near and Far East there are strong church federations. The Methodists of Great Britain and the Presbyterians of Scotland are moving toward the healing of their own denominational divisions. The Universalists and Congregationalists of America are just now conferring upon a plan for the unification of their respective communions. In Australia, in New Zealand, and in Africa the churches are developing a consciousness of unity. At Stockholm, two years ago, the representatives of one hundred and three denominational bodies of thirty-one communions came together for a Universal Christian Conference on Life and Work. On August 3, the day on which this article is published, the World Conference on Faith and Order assembles in Lausanne. This ecumenical gathering is representative of eighty-seven nation-wide communions. The "Call to Unity" under which the Conference meets summoned Christians all over the world to keep in mind "that the Church should reflect the unity of God."

The churches of the world are coming together. The converging roads yet to be traveled are long, but the first few steps have been taken. The rest of the journey will be covered in time.

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Friends of the Air

The Story of Intercontinental Conversation

By JAMES MONTAGNES

ONE dark night the yacht Kaimiloa lay off Fanning Island wallowing in the troughs of an angry sea, storm-tossed and without anchorage, seeking in vain the guiding lights from the safe harbor of this small and little frequented isle. All attempts to gain communication with the radio station failed. So few ships ever called at this cable station, where the Canadian and Australian cables meet, that authorities did not keep their harbor lights piercing the darkness. And light must be had to make safe anchorage.

Then Fred Roebuck, the radio operator on the yacht, decided to get amateur radio to aid him.

He got in touch with San Francisco, thousands of miles distant, and asked an amateur who answered him for help. The short wave-lengths of amateur radio were to be his salvation. Fifteen minutes after the query for help had been received in San Francisco, another amateur in another part of the city was out of his bed, and dashing for the nearest telegraph and cable station. There he handed in a cable for the lonely South Sea isle, asking the authorities to flash on their harbor lights. Not till the cable had been despatched, witnessed by his own eyes, did the amateur go home. And more than six thousand miles distant, in a stormy sea, the yacht Kaimiloa, on a South Sea geological cruise, saw flashing out of utter darkness, the bright beams of a harbor light, which soon guided them into safe anchorage.

THIS is an example of the type of friendship that amateur radio has developed among the young men of the world. Fostered in the United States and Canada, international friendships have multiplied rapidly among the men whose hobby is the furtherance of the science of radio.

John Grinan, nj-2PZ, of Jamaica, British West Indies, is host several times a week at international parties held over the air. To these affairs he invites radio amateurs from every part of the globe. There, friendships are made, and the gospel of international good will is promoted.

Colonel Clair Foster, nu-6HM, of Carmel, California, has been a guest many times. One night, he writes me, there will be besides the host: oz-2AE, R. J. Patty of Wellington, New Zealand; another amateur, ek-4DBA, of Germany; and himself. Another night ac-2FF, G. W. Fiske of Tientsin, China; nu-2CG, C. S. Hallock of Brooklyn, New York; or ef-8YOR, Professor Reyt of the University of Orleans, France; may join in. Thus these parties are formed, with radio amateurs from a number of countries present. As John Grinan, who is the owner of a sugar plantation in Jamaica, says, "It is just a case of name your country."

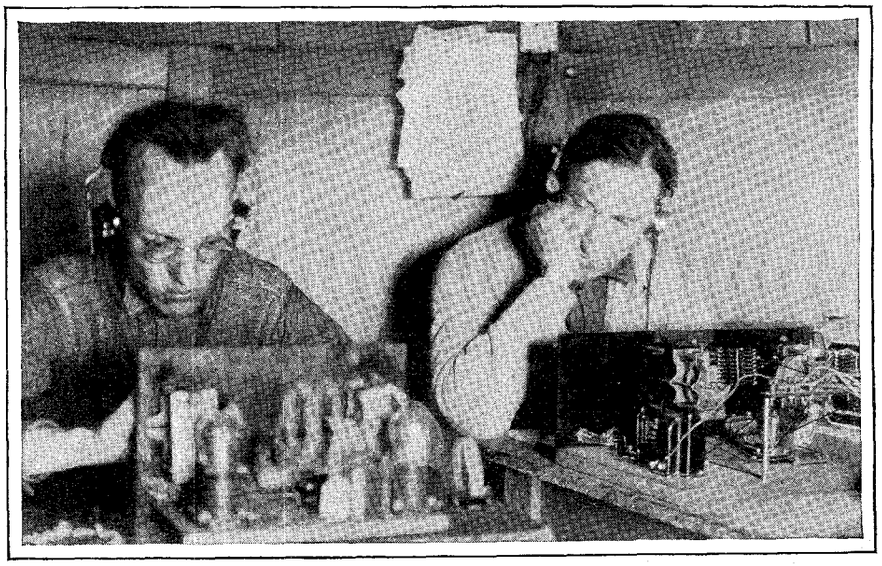
NATURALLY you ask what is this all about and what do they talk about over distances varying from one to twelve thousand miles?

These men, for the most part still in their twenties or early thirties, will sit at their radio transmitters for hours at a stretch, be it daylight or far into the night. Always the time element must be taken into consideration in international work of this kind. By means of the Morse Code they will discuss current topics, or they will inquire about affairs in their respective countries. More naturally they will discuss radio problems.

Since the earliest attempts at radio transmission there have been amateur experimenters who have delved deeply into the problems of wireless communication by means of the dot and dash or the human voice. The class grew in number when Marconi showed the world what could be done with his successful transatlantic signals. That number has grown until there are now well over twenty thousand boys, young men, and middle-aged men, including a few young ladies, who are interested in the scientific side of radio, and especially transmission. This does not include the millions who listen nightly to concerts for entertainment. These amateur scientists, many of whom know a great deal more than numerous professional radio engineers, are to be found not only on the North American continent, although the bulk reside there, but they can be located in eighty different lands. Their signals penetrate from the frozen north of Aklavik, Northwest Territories, Canada, to the mountains of Afghanistan, from California to Borneo and the antipodes, from England to the jungles of Brazil; in fact, there are very few places on the face of the earth where there are no radio amateurs at this date.

Their progress from the early days of the science to the present has been rapid, but not always easy. Since 1912, when they were assigned to a certain territory in the air, they have been allowed a considerable amount of freedom in the United States and Canada, and at a later date in England, France, and Australia. Other countries, especially those of Europe, have been very strict in their attitude of keeping radio exclusively a government utility.

How did the amateur achieve to international communication, or even transcontinental intercourse? Handi-



The graveyard watch

of Colonel Clair Foster, nu-6HM, and Henry Enwicht, nu-6HC, is shown here. That watch is from one o'clock to six o'clock in the morning, and in this interval these two men communicated with eleven countries during a special test at the Lick Observatory

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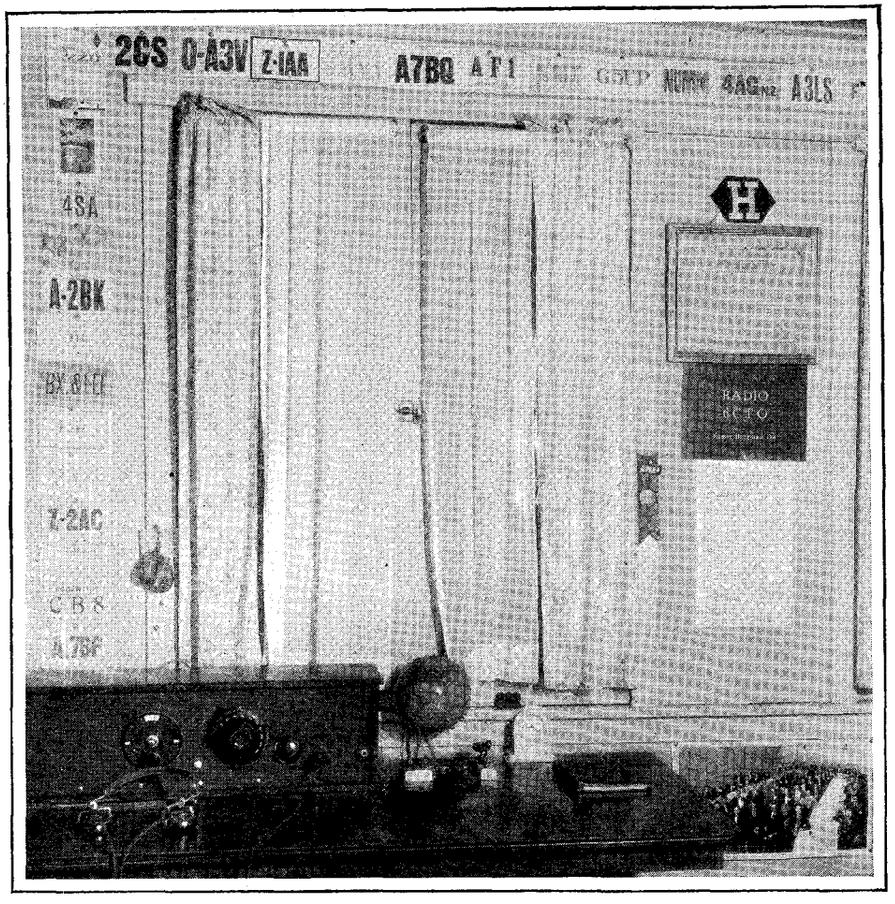
capped in practically every case by lack of funds, he modeled his first apparatus on those in commercial use, except that it was much smaller and less powerful. He had to adapt it through ingenious inventions to the wave-lengths assigned him by the London Conference in 1912. Deemed useless in those days, wave-lengths from 200 meters down were granted him. To-day 100 meters and below is the most valuable air space in the eyes of governments and commercial communication companies the world over. To settle the allotment of this area in the ether, is the main object of the international conference on radio to be held in Washington this October.

During the years of development, in fact in 1914, some far-sighted men in New York, "fool-visionaries" they were called, organized the American Radio Relay League, and looked forward to transcontinental talks, and perhaps even international talks. The League grew from a handful till to-day it embraces practically every one who calls himself a radio amateur, with a world-wide membership of over 18,000.



What scalps were to Indians

the signs on this wall are to an amateur radio operator. This is the station of Elmer Burgman, of Hollywood, California. The wall signs are the call numbers of stations all over the world with which he has been in communication. The pins on the little globe indicate the locations of his aerial friends

But it was not till November 17, 1923, that the amateur was able to really startle the public. He had done many noteworthy things up to that time, feats which had brought him high praise from governments and commercial concerns alike, but this was something different.

Two years of consistent testing had shown that the best American and Canadian stations could send signals into Europe. There they were received weakly by amateurs in Britain, Holland, and France. In North America the signals of some of the most daring of European amateurs could also be heard at times. Then like a thunderclap came the news that Fred Schnell of Hartford, Connecticut, communicated with Leon Deloy of Nice, France, on a wave-length of 100 meters on that eventful 17th of November.

Felicitations flowed back and forth between these two men, and also John Reinartz of Hartford, who connected as well. From the United States Government and the radio fraternities, the French Government signal division, and French radio circles they came. Even though the contact had been prearranged by wire, and Deloy had visited the United States that summer to study American methods, it set the amateur world afire.

Before the year had finished Japan had been in contact with Tacoma, Washington. Many Eastern amateurs had spanned "the pond" and every day saw new achievements made and records broken. Internationalism had the amateur by the throat. Ilo and Esperanto were advocated, and an international organization was mooted. Enthusiasm intoxicated all. It could be seen on the face of every radio man. It pervaded everything. Amateur radio was struck with a tornado which swept country after country into the growing list of international contacts.

Can you conceive the thrill that comes, when seated in a cozy room, with a small radio receiver in front of you, a telegraph key ready at hand, and close by a radio transmitter, built by your own hands, ready to be switched on the air with the controls at your right, you suddenly hear the shrill high-toned dots and dashes which spell a far-off Australian station, calling for a conversant in North America? And you clamp your ear-phones more tightly on your head, so as to hear more distinctly. The signals abruptly stop, after a cheery go ahead sign has been sent, and you turn your switches, while with a clammy hand you start to reel off on the telegraph key the dots and dashes which if heard in the distant antipodes, will tell the "Aussie" that you are answering him.

Your excitement is gradually controlled by your better sense, for a cool head must be maintained to make the dots and dashes readable over the odd ten thousand miles. You also send a hopeful "k" denoting go ahead, switch off the transmitter, and gripping the two dials on your receiver, listen with all that is in you for the faint peeps which will denote success or failure. Your excitement is at its height. Beads of perspiration stand out on your forehead, and your fingers stick to the dials, cold and clammy.

And then you hear him calling YOU. It is, in all truth, the thrill that comes but once in a lifetime. For you have been heard from your room in New York, Chicago, Winnipeg, St. Louis, Portland, or San Francisco, wherever you are, you have been heard more than ten thousand miles away, and are about to start a conversation with a chap at the other end of the world!

It was this enthusiasm which made the amateur show the world the value of the wave-lengths he had discovered and developed. Countries, whose location is unknown to the average man on the street, sent signals to the corners of the earth, and a bedlam of foreign tongues was heard which surpassed that found

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on the wave-lengths used for commercial ship-to-ship and ship-to-shore communication channels.

Here was a place in the air, where distances of thousands of miles could be spanned by means of very low power, light and easily built apparatus. The amateur wanted to test his discovery, and volunteered his services to Arctic expeditions, exploration parties into the jungles of Brazil, the wilds of Abyssinia, the South Pole, anywhere.

All the Macmillan Arctic expeditions, the Canadian Government annual ships to the far north, the Detroit Arctic Airplane parties, the Ross whaling expedition to the Antarctic, the Hamilton-Rice expedition into the interior of Brazil, the Chicago "News" expedition to the wilds of Abyssinia, the visit of the Pacific fleet to Australia and New Zealand, the San Francisco to Tahiti yacht races, Zane Grey's yacht, and many other private, governmental, and commercial undertakings were and are being kept in contact with civilization through amateur radio.

With international amateur radio looming so big in the early part of 1924, a dinner was tendered Hiram Percy Maxim, the founder and president of the American Radio Relay League in Paris. Nine countries were represented by illustrious personages in the government service and the radio engineering profession. The formation of an international organization similar to the one in America was recommended. A year later, on April 17, 1925, with representatives of twenty-three nations present, the International Amateur Radio Union was founded in Paris, France. Its officers were chosen from the United States, England, France, and New Zealand, and its first members came from every part of Europe, from America, Canada, Newfoundland, Iraq (by airplane), Uruguay, Brazil, Argentina, and Japan.

Communication with lands far distant has become an every-day occurrence. Those who have been more fortunate than others, either through more skill or more patience, or whatever makes them more successful, are looked upon as leaders in a new field—that of long-distance communication. Foremost, yet one of the youngest, is a student of Stanford University, one Brandon Wentworth.

This young man, throughout his college life, and for a number of years prior, has played with radio. At Stanford he was the operator of the University's station, which represented for some time the Bureau of Standards on the Pacific coast. But from his own station, located on a hill overlooking San Francisco, he made his name famous the world over. From the very first international contacts he was one of the leaders. The antipodes, Australasia, and Asia were naturally enough his best chances of success. And he has communicated with Borneo, Australia, New Zealand, Singapore, Johore, French Indo-China, Shanghai, Tientsin, Japan, Alaska, Chile, Brazil, European countries, and plentifully with friends in South Africa. These are but a few of the thirty or more countries to his credit. He has made friendships galore.

To him therefore was accorded the honor of being the first member of a most exclusive radio fraternity—The Worked-All-Continents Club. To attain a place in that society is the aim of every "DX hound," to use a term meaning an amateur interested in long-distance communication.

Founded but a little over a year ago, there are now forty-two members in the Club. They hail from every part of the world—from the United States, Canada, Philippine Islands, Australia, Belgium, England, France, Chile, Uruguay, Porto Rico, South Africa, and the Federated Malay States. It is emblematical of the growth of international amateur radio.

The Housewife's Returns from Taxation

By Margaret H. Haggart

In this day of publicity, taxes as a payment due the Government are receiving their full measure. There is another side to the question, however, which is little appreciated, since it receives little publicity. That side is the returns we, as housewives and homemakers, get from taxation.

Ever since the Boston Tea Party we like to feel that we know what we are being taxed for. Any tax we may pay has had the approval of those in authority in city, State, or Nation before the tax has to be paid.

Yet every one growls about taxes as one does about the weather, while taxes may be changed if weather cannot. We know not why sunshine follows rain, but we may know why the tax is so much.

The other day before I did my daily marketing I scanned the morning paper hurriedly. However, I took time to look over the monthly "City Milk Report," which occupied a prominent position on the last page. It carried no startling headline such as "Outbreak of Infantile Paralysis Due to Milk" or "Case of Typhoid Traced to Jones's Dairy." It was in fine print following a few short sentences, which said two dealers were ordered to stop selling milk in January because of the unsanitary conditions surrounding their plants. The report contained the name of each dairy, its score on sanitary conditions, the amount of butter fat the milk contained, and the number of bacteria per cubic centimeter, which is a cube of about one-half inch. I ran the list down for the name of the dairy supplying our corner grocery with milk. There it was—score 78 per cent, butter fat 4.4, and bacteria 110,000 per cubic centimeter. Surely something was wrong with that dairy, even if its butter fat was high. The number of bacteria was over twice the number allowable under any condition, even though they might be fairly harmless and not disease bearing. A change of milk dealers was imperative. It was my part as a consumer to let the grocer know I couldn't safely use the milk he sold.

When doing my marketing, two or three days later, I observed several women buying this milk. To one standing near I mentioned the "City Milk Report," and she replied: "I can't see the difference between this and Blank's milk. This is a cent cheaper and has more cream."

Who put the report in the paper? Our city food inspector, who is paid out of the taxes levied in our city. Now every woman in that group paid taxes to maintain that office and to make such inspections as the report shows. This inspector receives a salary in some measure commensurate with his training, as does also the laboratory technician responsible for the findings in the report.

If each of these women only contributed one mill per dollar on assessed valuation of $3,000 property to the maintenance of our Board of Health, she would contribute $3 to this fund. What did these women get for their money? Nothing; because each had made no use of the findings a part of her tax paid for.

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The purpose of each of us is to live a peaceful life in our community. We dislike stirring up feeling in our neighborhood because we dislike the cognomen given to such people and because we feel that it is better to let sleeping dogs lie rather than, waking them up, not be able to accomplish anything.

The city ordinances lay down rather stringent rules about the cleanliness of our food stores, both inside and out.

A grocer in the neighborhood was especially careless about the refuse fruit, vegetables, and meat scraps that collected in the store. Sometimes he tried to burn them, and left a sorry mess; sometimes they were collected in buckets, old boxes, and cans until they swarmed with maggots and flies.

This man, coming from a far Western country town, was accustomed to no regulations for the maintenance of sanitary surroundings, yet he had a large trade, being an affable and pleasant man to meet. Why? Because the women were willing to telephone in their orders and not take time to come into the store to see if the ordinary laws of sanitation were carried out.

After repeated calls to the city Board of Health and a threat to report to the State Board, action was taken. The inspector threatened to close the store, and conditions became more nearly sanitary.

WHY did it take so long? Our city inspectors hold their positions many times through personal and political preferments, and not because of their willingness to enforce laws. For the sake of the position, they are blind to irregularities of sanitation and fail to hold such food dealers to ordinary sanitary standards.

Yet we as taxpayers provide salaries for the Board of Health and its employees. Shall we sit idly by and see our money wasted?

We talk a great deal about thrift, yet there isn't much of it practiced in taxation. Is it any wonder our taxes are high? Such conditions bring on much of our ill health in cities, which calls for more money to counteract the result of poor law enforcement. Public health may be purchasable, but most of the time we are getting shoddy goods for the price.

In talking this over with me a woman said: "All this is true; there are many ways in which we as housewives do not insist on a just return from taxation, but there are also very many important returns to be had from a few cents extra taxation."

Then she went on to tell about the children in her neighborhood having to cross the street-car tracks twice, as well as a dead man's corner, because there was only a walk on one side of the block.

The mothers circulated a petition to have a walk on the other side. In spite of some opposition to the extra cost to a few property-owners, the walk was put in. Now these mothers purchased safety for their children at a very low cost of extra taxation.

ONE service taxation renders the housewife is of great value—that of the enforcement of the Pure Food Law. Before this law was passed I remember seeing in trade journals the advertisement of saccharine for use in the canning industry. In full-page advertisements they were telling of saccharine being 500 times as sweet as cane sugar. Such advertisements are not shown now, for this commodity cannot be used since 1906 for sweetening in food products which become articles of inter-State commerce.

How many of us know exactly what the Pure Food Law does for us? I remember less than ten years ago a woman came to my office with a most anxious look on her face. She wanted to know how she might buy really pure foods. It took some minutes to convince her that Uncle Sam was really looking after that when it came to most of our groceries, though we did have to look out for those we bought locally. Even local supplies are now so well protected by State laws that we have little to fear. As housewives, we must do our part by learning to read the label on any commodity, and especially the fine print underneath, in which the real contents are made known.

We should also note the weight or volume of the package.

Legislation by Congress has been proposed to allow the use of glucose and corn sugar to sweeten articles of food without its being mentioned on the label. Since both glucose and corn sugar are valuable foods, though about one-half to two-thirds as sweet as ordinary sugar, this bill ought to be made a part of the law. When the food laws were passed in 1906, we did not know as much about these foods as we do now, which accounts for the discrimination rather than assigning to them deleterious effects which we have inferred. We ought to have laws built on the best scientific information if we are to be taxed for their enforcement.

There is some agitation to-day about showing on the label of our canned goods just when and where they were packed. Whether such a clause should be included in our food laws is a question yet. Since we know that some of the vitamins in canned food lose their value to the body through aging and storage, it may seem best to have this information on the can. However, we ought to have the best of scientific evidence upon which to build the law.

IN our neighboring city the water supply was a common topic of conversation because of its hardness and the quantity of iron it contained.

If you took a bath, your wash-cloth was henceforth yellow. If by chance you rinsed your clothes in it, a saffron hue was the inevitable result. Your tea was purple, owing to the reaction between the iron in the water and the tannic acid in the tea.

In short, any group of women could find the water supply an inexhaustible topic of conversation, since each home became a chemical laboratory in which it was chief reagent.

The salesmen for the soap factories mentioned this city as one of the cleanest and most intelligent in the United States, using as a criterion that the civilization of a country may be judged by the amount of soap it uses.

Now the women of this town knew they used so much soap because the water was so hard that almost nothing in common use would break it. They also knew how the men of the town voted bonds for a new city building, paving, and another bridge over the river, which made the town more accessible to two or three influential farmers who came to trade. Never once did any one mention the possibility of a better water supply for the city.

Then the women woke up to the fact that if there was to be any improvement in the water they would have to get busy. If there were taxes for bonds to build bridges for the use of only a few, why not taxes for bonds for a new water system.

Of course, the women put it over. Now the yellow streak has gone from the town's laundry and tea is the right color for the particular people. The soap salesman sells much less than half he sold before. The taxpayers, instead of buying soap, are paying for bonds, which has insured a safe and soft water supply to the city.

Can you measure just in soap the returns such taxation brought to those housewives?

There has been before Congress from time to time in the last decade a bill trying to give the user of textiles as much protection as the consumer of foods. Many believe this would be a very valuable law from the standpoint of the consumer. It is only another way of getting

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returns from the taxation necessary to maintenance of government.

This matter of returns is just what we as housewives demand of taxation. We have the Sheppard-Towner Law, which may give aid and health to mothers and children. Is it being used to the limit of its possibility in our State? It certainly offers splendid returns to all taxpayers when it contributes to the well-being of mother and child. More schoolhouses, better health programs in our schools, special teachers and courses for children found to be out of accord with the established curriculum, are some of the splendid returns we may receive from taxation. Shall we longer simply talk of taxes or shall we see that thrift is practiced also in getting the most for money which we pay to maintain our Government?

The School at Slode's Bayou

By MARIAN SELDEN CLANCEY

"TEN dollars a month and board"—that was the splendid offer that induced Miss Bennie to teach school at Slode's Bayou. Ten dollars a month meant sometimes only nine; that was when Mr. Peggles would refuse to pay his quota, giving as his excuse that Grover Cleveland Peggles had the misery, and had been out of school five days that month. The entire family of Swanks withdrew their support when Mittie Lee Swank came home one day and gave the astonishing information that the new teacher taught them that the world was round. At this Mr. Swank put on his palmetto hat, loaded up his cheek with a fresh quid of tobacco, and stalked down to the schoolhouse, where some of the devoted children had remained to "hep" teacher "red up" the barren room.

"You ain't got no right to larn my children that the earth's round. Holy Writ says it's four-cornered. I'll larn my young uns at home arter this." So saying, he spat copiously on the ground and loped off.

Board meant corn pone, razorback pig, sweet potatoes, fish, and condensed milk.

"May I have milk for supper, Mrs. Slode, and beef for dinner sometimes?" timidly asked the slender blue-eyed teacher when she first entered on her duties.

Mrs. Slode industriously rubbed her gums with her dip stick,[1] then passively eyed the new educator.

"Milk! Wal, I reckon ef you can walk three miles to Hawk's, and pay ten cents a quart for hit, you ken hev hit. And meat, I'll fix you up a mess come toward winter, when Flick's folks kill their old cow."

"PERHAPS I too will take to dipping and clay eating if I teach here three months," thought Miss Bennie, as she turned to walk to the schoolhouse. For a moment she longed to run away from the responsibilities that loomed so ominously before her. Why had she thought it her mission to leave a comfortable home, and come to this tucked-away corner of west Florida, sixty miles from a railroad, to teach these pathetic children at ten dollars a month and board? Though the blue eyes were dimmed by tears, the sweet red lips grew firm, and the little figure, straightening itself with determination, turned from the alluring beauty of the bay, faced about toward duty and the schoolhouse. To be frank, it wasn't a schoolhouse at all; it was an unfinished church, windowless, doorless, and open at both ends. As Miss Bennie neared it she was greeted by ten pairs of gravely inquisitive eyes, the owners of which sat shyly perched on the paling fence. A kindly twinkle of appreciation and amusement crept into Miss Bennie's eyes as she grasped the proffered hands of the scholars, as one by one they slipped from the fence, constrainedly mentioning his or her name; from Serena Sarah Jane Windish, aged eighteen, down to the Dibdale twins, who had just passed six.

Solemnly the teacher and her followers entered the "hall of learning." Ten puncheons, a bench, a table, a chair, a faded map of the State of Florida, and a wood print of Jefferson Davis comprised the furnishings of the building. Miss Bennie glanced bravely around at the scholars out of whom she was to carve success, or failure. Her heart beat with loving interest for these forlorn-looking children who stood dumbly looking at her. It would be no task to win their love and confidence, but would it be possible to awaken aspiration when no gleam of eagerness lent luster to their eyes or sprightliness to their limp figures?

The ten scholars were divided into three divisions—namely, A, B, and C—and lessons assigned for the next day. There were, however, not enough books to "go around," as the teacher soon discovered.

"We-all have sent to Vernon for more, and I reckon they'll be here afore the term's out," was the information Floridena Slode gave. Primus and Secundus firmly insisted that one primer would be sufficient for them. They stood in front of Miss Bennie, tightly clasping hands and nervously working their bare toes in a crack in the floor.

"Why did mother name you Primus and Secundus?" queried the new teacher.

The twins silently shook their downcast heads. Babe Slode edged near the embarrassed twins, drawing them to her with a motherly touch, saying: "It was this away, Miss Bennie: A gentleman from over yon came a-fishing here when the boys was just toddlers, and Miss Lucy [meaning Mrs. Dibdale] was just naturally run out of names, there being ten afore these came; so this gentleman said he knew two right smart names, so he named them Primus and Secundus, and give them a dollar apiece."

THE first school term passed with fair success. When the rain beat in at the south end of the building, they cheerfully moved puncheons, table, and chair to the north end, and *vice versa*. On cold days they were equally cheerful, for then they moved out into the open, where the sun shone. Here in a circle the scholars sat industriously studying well-thumbed and somewhat ancient geographies and arithmetics. Save for Timothy Peggles, not one of the little group had ever been beyond St. Francis Bay. The Peggleses had come from Georgia, traveling the magnificent distance of one hundred miles in an ox-cart. The journey had consumed all of two weeks, so that Timothy had the distinction of having taken a long journey in the world. A bonfire of palmetto roots and magnolia cones was built, for, in spite of the sun's clear rays, the wind from the north was biting; then when their backs grew cold they turned about, doggedly plodding on in their efforts to "larn somethin'."

At recess they heaped dry magnolia

[1] A dip stick is made from orangewood, one end softened until it becomes brush-like; this is dipped in snuff and rubbed on the gums.

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leaves on the fire, which snapped and crackled cheerfully; or they tickled with twigs the fat robins that staggered on the ground drunk with their surfeit of dry chinaberries. To start the sluggish circulation Miss Bennie skipped rope with the long grapevines.

The ubiquitous, cross-eyed Cupid even found his way to the Slode Bayou school, for Timothy Peggles was in love with Serena Sarah Jane Windish. What did it matter that Serena's complexion was yellow with jaundice, her eyes and hair faded and lifeless? She was beautiful in Timothy's eyes, and the vivid blue dress with the magenta trimmings, which was most unbecoming, only added to her attractiveness for adoring Timothy. Neither was Timothy's awkward person burdened by charms of beauty, but his heart beat true to Serena Sarah Jane. To her stick of sugar-cane at recess was added often a baked yam, which Timothy lispingly drew from his pocket with, "Pleath, Therena Thara Jane, I fetched thith for you."

In return for the yams, Serena plaited a palmetto hat for Timothy, and under its huge flapping brim lisping Timothy beamed his love on apathetic Serena.

LULU NARCENA MOONEY lived a mile and a half from the school. There was a gentle refinement about the little girl that the other scholars lacked; then, too, she was the only dark-eyed, black-haired child in school. She had been absent a week when Miss Bennie decided to walk out to the Mooney place.

"How far is it, Mrs. Slode?" she questioned, as she tied the pink sunbonnet strings under her chin.

"It's over yonder, say, three sights and a holler. You keep along the path to Dibdales', then follow a right smart piece of piny wood, turn at the old grist-mill, and it sure is just one holler from there."

With these explicit directions, Miss Bennie felt sure of her way; so, gathering a scarlet geranium and some white petunias, she started for "over yonder." To-day the mocking-birds were in an ecstatic mood, adding wings of joy to the little teacher's spirits. At the grist-mill she stopped to watch the ancient loquacious miller as he turned on the simple water power that ground the hopper of corn between the two revolving stones. Then with a trembling hand he pointed out the Mooney place, which stood alone in a clearing. There was no one about, but the large iron kettle over the low fire in the well-swept yard betokened that some one had been doing the family washing, which was now impaled on the fence.

The fence was also occupied by a man and two grown boys, meditatively enjoying whittling and chewing sugar-cane. All about there seemed to be much that a man could be employed in doing, but in which they showed no interest.

Miss Bennie, who was always busily engaged in some form of activity, ventured to ask, "What do you sit here for, when there is corn to hoe?"

They eyed her in silence, evidently making up their minds with what authority she should be interested in their affairs. Then the oldest man remarked in a drawling monotone: "Wal, we just sits, and we studies and we wonders."

As she neared the house a strange, low groaning could be heard, growing into a shrill screech, then wailing back into the groaning. Miss Bennie halted, not daring to venture nearer. Surely some insane person must be sheltered in the house. Again on the still air came the moaning, rising to a shriek. She turned to make a hasty retreat, when she heard a sweet, childish voice calling and saw the flutter of a little figure running toward her.

"Oh, Miss Bennie, Miss Bennie, you sure did come! My heart's just naturally longed for you."

Lulu Narcena's face was turned upward and a trembling little hand sought Miss Bennie's. The groaning and shrieking had ceased now, and a gaunt old woman stood in the doorway, holding a hank of cotton yarn in her lean hands.

"I can't come back to school, Miss Bennie, until granny weaves me a new dress; it's nigh finished now."

The eager child drew the reluctant little teacher toward the house, and into the room where stood the unwieldy family loom and great spinning-wheel, before which paced the old woman, still holding the hank of cotton; with courteous dignity she stepped forward, saying: "Howdy, teacher? You must be plumb tired after your walk. Lulu Narcena, fetch the chair, and give it a right smart dusting, then go fetch some light wood your pa has busted. Teacher might like a drink of tea."

Miss Bennie took the outstretched hand, reproaching herself for her cowardice, realizing now that it was the great loom that had groaned so alarmingly.

"Granny" proved to be grandmother, mother-in-law, and mother all in one. Mr. Mooney, aged fifty, after the death of Mrs. Mooney number one, married his mother-in-law, who had lived her threescore years and ten.

"I reckon the children's more used to

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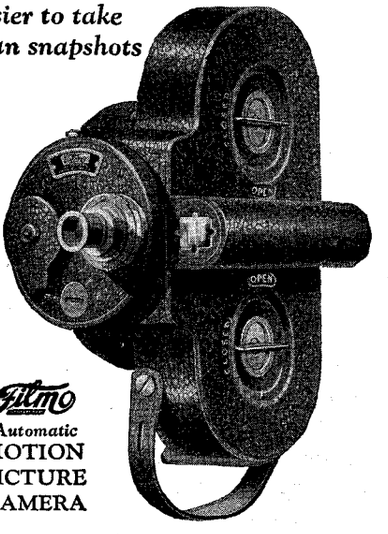

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THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK

120 East 16th Street New York

her, and hit'll sort of keep the family together," he explained to the astonished Hard-Shell Baptist who had made them husband and wife.

So this was little Lulu Narcena's home! Miss Bennie looked about the room, with its loom and spinning-wheel, and scanty furnishing. At all events, it was clean and sunny, and on the shelf was a well-worn Bible. Above the shelf in a wreath of yaypon hung the doll she had given Lulu Narcena at Christmas-time. The little girl wistfully followed her glance as it rested on the doll, and, leaning her head on Miss Bennie's shoulder, she whispered: "Grannie said it wasn't for such as me to play with, and that if she hung it up there we-uns could all be joyful over it. But sometimes," with a little sob, "I just yearn to hold it in my arms."

To the astonishment of granny, Miss Bennie moved a chair to the shelf, and, springing up, snatched the doll from its place on the wall, handing it to the frightened child. "There, Lulu Narcena, you play with this doll, and I'll give you something else to hang in the wreath."

Lovingly cuddling the doll against her cheek, the little mother and the teacher walked back to the old grist-mill together. The following week, when the teacher was at her table trying to puzzle out Shocky Beach's examination paper on geography, a small brown hand laid on the desk some faded geraniums and petunias, tied with a pink rag.

"We-uns brought you-all some flowers, teacher."

It was Lulu Narcena, and the faded flowers were those Miss Bennie had taken to the Mooney home the week before. The child, wanting to lay a gift on the altar of her love, had brought what was most precious to her.

It was nearing the time for closing the school at Slode's Bayou. The peach trees were in blossom now, and the live-oaks were pushing off the old leaves. The children brought long-stemmed violets that grew in the hummocks and graceful sprays of yellow jasmine. In glorious succession would come the dogwood, flame honeysuckle, and the queenly magnolia. In the joy of the opening beauty about her, Miss Bennie forgot the privations and struggles of the past months. Then, too, there was the comforting knowledge that she had made life less monotonous for the children who sat so patiently on the puncheons.

Great preparations were being made for the closing day of school. Each scholar had been assigned some part best suited to his ability. The parents were as much interested as the pupils in the recitations, dialogues, and music they would distinguish themselves in that wonderful day so close at hand. Then one evening the wind came up sobbing from the Gulf, followed by a hush and a strange undulation of the water that changed from the greens and blues to gray. Then the sobbing and restlessness again. Down in the Caribbean Sea a hurricane was raging; it would sweep up the coast to Mobile and New Orleans, and St. Francis Bay would get a high tide, and some of the backwash.

Ten fathers were out at the snapper banks, ten wives with their children watched for their safe return. By morning the gale had increased to a storm, whipping the bay into fury; and beyond could be heard the boom, boom, of the Gulf as it pounded on Land's End. No boat could weather such a storm, and there was scant comfort in the hope that the fishermen might have reached Hurricane Island, for the island lay like a slender finger of sand between the Gulf and the bay, and with no shelter but a fisherman's hut; likely the storm had washed it away.

At last the hurricane played its mad race out, and once more St. Francis Bay smiled and dimpled in the sunlight, like a thoughtless child after a passion of tears. Every day the mothers and children strained their eyes toward Hurricane Island; but never a sail fluttered back to them. The Gulf never gave up its secret.

When the school at Slode's Bayou closed, ten fatherless children sat on the puncheons, while the widowed mothers occupied the benches, gazing dumbly at the heroic efforts of their offspring. Miss Bennie had suggested that the "exercises" be dispensed with, or postponed; but no, the possibility of too much joy was bound up in that great event to risk any postponement, so the school closed as planned. Although a week had drifted by since the hurricane, the possibility of the fishermen never returning did not dawn on their lethargic minds.

"They may have landed at Crooked Island, or put in at Port St. Joe," was their constant reiteration; but the fishermen never came home, and Miss Bennie had to leave with the mystery still unsolved. As she sailed away in Hawk Massalena's stanch boat, a tearful group on the shore waved good-by. "You sure must come back, Miss Bennie," they called as Hawk poled the boat out from the shore.

"I sure will," she bravely called back to the pupils of the Slode's Bayou school.

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

"Spring, Three One Hundred"

THE best moment in a play, if we believe the followers of the crook drama, is when somebody, perhaps the butler, sits down at the telephone with an unusually serious face, takes the receiver from the hook, and remarks in a low, tense voice:

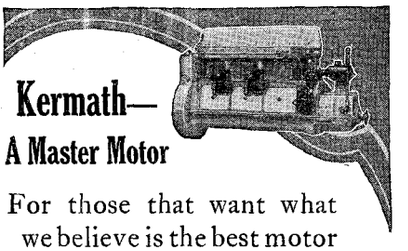
"Spring, Three One Hundred."

For this, as every New Yorker knows or is supposed to know, is the number of Police Headquarters. The master has been found lying on the floor of the library, with a bullet wound through his heart and a pearl-handled revolver by his side. He had a stormy interview last night with his about-to-be-disinherited nephew; or else the handsome young man who wishes to marry his daughter and heiress, Yvonne, has been muttering threats against the old gentleman. In the eyes of all experienced theater-goers things look very bright and fair for both these young men, for, as they very well know, the murder may have been committed by the butler himself, or by the winsome Yvonne, or even by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who has been seen lurking on the neighboring Long Island estate during the past day or two. But never, by any conceivable chance, did either of the young men do the deed, although the revolver belongs to one of them, and the finger prints of both are all over it.

I say that the telephone number of Police Headquarters is known to every New Yorker. This is an unpardonable exaggeration. Citizens of New York recognize that number when it is spoken in a crook play, but does one of them ever remember it at any other time? On the only occasion which I can recall, when in real life there was need of that number, five New Yorkers of long experience were completely baffled in trying to recall it, and nearly driven looney by trying to find it in the telephone book. They could get the Department of Charities, or the Bureau of Weights and Measures, or the Curator of Birds at Bronx Park, but the moment was one which called for sterner treatment, and in their confusion the red-handed slayer —or whatever he was—almost escaped.

But that there is something eternally appealing about the moment when the butler calls Police Headquarters, is a matter of common agreement. Playwrights and novelists have begun to vary the setting a little. The millionaire is not always killed in the library nowadays, and one or two bold innovators have imagined a murder in a family which did not possess a butler. That the general situation, however, is more and more popular there can be no doubt. Witness, the theaters and the book shops. The shelves and tables which are entirely devoted to detective novels, in a shop like Brentano's, form an impressive sight. Many people, writing about this subject, still think it necessary to apologize, and to defend themselves for reading, writing, or talking about detective stories by citing the distinguished and educated men, from Woodrow Wilson down, who have eagerly devoured books of this kind. My apology, if I make one at all, will be quite different. It is that I am poorly informed, and that for the most part I have to sit tongue-tied when the talk is of Fletcher and his novels, Craig Kennedy and his fellows. Not one of them in a hundred do I know; my reading indicates an even lower-brow, for I prefer the reports of actual trials, if they are in book form, and not in the newspaper accounts. I follow the crook dramas with some regularity, and during the last year have been trying a few of the novels. My objection to nine out of ten of them is the same for both plays and books. The writer does not take enough care to make his characters interesting; he plants too many false clues, and his plot is almost invariably too complicated.

The clumsier among the dramatists give you a stage populated by folk with a grievance, ex-crooks, half-reformed homicidal maniacs, and other possible murderers. As the victim turns out to be a scoundrel, the spectator really cares very little whether A was murdered by B or by X, as long as he got murdered by somebody. Nobody on the stage behaves like a human being for three minutes together, and if at the final curtain any one in the audience has discovered what has emerged from this welter, he is far cleverer than I am. In Mrs. Rinehart's highly admired and widely-praised play, "The Bat," we were asked to believe that in a house known to be infested by a dangerous murderer, a house in which any number of terrifying events had happened, a group of people, headed by a maiden lady and an



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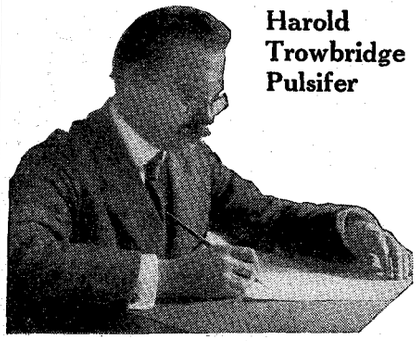

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idiotic servant, went rambling around at midnight in a garret lighted only by a dim candle or one electric torch. As a matter of fact all these persons would have fled shrieking from the house, hours earlier.

In many of these plays, as in "The Cat and the Canary," for example, even the absolutely innocent persons perform the most ordinary actions in a manner encrusted with guilt. They cannot open a door to enter a room for the purpose of getting a spool of thread without doing it in the manner of Lady Macbeth approaching the King's chamber with the bloody daggers. A perfectly harmless physician, appearing on the stage on an errand of mercy, approaches his patient with the facial expression and manner of Jack-the-Ripper. In "The Wooden Kimono," which I saw last winter, one of the delightful members of the family is an elderly lunatic, whose sole contribution to the gayety of the household is fetching a coffin up and down stairs from the cellar to the drawing-room and back again, and groaning out from time to time the words "Oh! the ghost! the ghost!" Neither he nor his coffin nor the imaginary ghost has anything to do with the plot. They are just put in, as in the boy's riddle, to make it hard.

With the novelists the situation is much the same. There are too many suspicious characters, inserted merely to confuse the reader; too great a complication of plot and an over-emphasis on mechanical tricks and appliances. The mysterious and baffling murders of real life have been simple in plot and personnel. The boldness of the perpetrator, and his ability to keep his own counsel, are what have usually made them mysterious and interesting.

It is natural that the best detective novels are the work of writers who are already well skilled in their art. They usually have to their credit many novels on other themes; they go about their work with a conscience and never make the mistake of thinking that the invention of a complicated plot makes up for a failure to create possible and interesting characters. In Mr. Eden Phillpotts's "A Voice from the Dark," we had to imagine that a rather complicated mechanical contrivance would do the work required of it by the author. But once this was over and out of the way, the greater part of the novel concerned itself with the duel between the detective and the murderer. There was no mystery as to which was which. The detective had none of the eccentricities possessed by so many of the feeble followers of Sherlock Holmes. The murderer had the interesting distinctions of being a member of the House of Lords, and one of the foremost collectors of carved ivory in the world. Lord Brooke was quite the best murderer I have met in recent fiction, although the detective was, by a narrow margin, too clever for him. Mr. Phillpotts had the added originality and courage of hanging his murderer at the end of the book. Many novelists weaken at this moment, and let him commit suicide or otherwise cheat the hangman. Mr. Chesterton, in his stories about Father Brown, is perhaps the worst in this respect, since his homicidal ruffians seem to escape with no punishment other than a long talk with the reverend Father. This is treating murder as if it were an offense about on a par with being late to school.

Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, to my way of thinking, has few, if any, superiors in the art of detective fiction. The problem of who committed the crime does not concern her or her reader very long, she lets you know this within the first hundred pages, and then interests you in far more engrossing problems about the effects of sin upon the characters of other persons in her story. Her readers have a growing sense of horror as they realize the situation. A number of her novels have been founded upon actual crimes, but she is helped rather than hampered by this use of real events, as she knows unerringly when to depart from the text. In her latest novel, "What Really Happened," there is a jury-room scene which seems to me unsurpassed in its realism.

There are two novels this month which I imagine the expert would rank as far above the average. One, "Murder in the Maze," [1] is by an Englishman and the other "The 'Canary' Murder Case," [2] is surely by an American. I am going to be a sturdy patriot and not say which of them I prefer. Both are admirable yarns. Why the mystery about the authorship of "The Canary"? Mr. "Van Dine" is said to be a college professor—but is there any college whose faculty would snub one of its members who could write such a good story as this, or its predecessor, "The Benson Murder Case"? "The Canary" has attracted much attention during its serialization in "Scribner's Magazine." It is typically American in its metropolitan setting, and it has a few points of resemblance to a notorious crime in New York of three or four years ago. The author seems to be enormously pleased with the

[1] Murder in the Maze. By J. J. Connington. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

[2] The "Canary" Murder Case. A Philo Vance Story. By S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

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mannerisms and peculiarities of his amateur detective, Philo Vance. As Vance is represented as a Harvard man (who has later studied at Oxford and lived in England) I can only understand his creator's animus on the ground that Mr. "Van Dine" is a graduate of Princeton, seeking revenge. Vance is very nearly the most insufferable ass whom I have ever met in the pages of a novel. Any man who met him in a club would instantly get up and seek refuge in another room. He is a diletantte, a *flaneur*, a *poseur*, a *viveur*, and if you can think of any other foreign terms, he is all of them to boot. He talks like a high school girl during her first year in studying French. To him, a potato is a *pomme de terre*, a street is a *rue*, and his entire conversational style is maddeningly like some one for whose parallel we shall have to go back to "St. Elmo," or the novels of Mrs. Southworth. Surely the author could have suggested this type of man without overloading his conversation with foreign phrases and perpetual airy references to various learned matters. The irritating personality of Vance is almost the only weak point in the book. Its strength lies in the fact that it combines the deductive methods of Dupin or Holmes, with the actual methods which are used by the police everywhere. And these are to interview, one after another, every person connected with the crime, and to sweat out of them all possible information. Whether the game of poker is such an infallible index to character as it is made to appear in the closing chapters, is a matter about which I have my doubts. And this despite the fact that the author quotes that formidable authority, Professor Dr. George A. Dorsey of the University of Chicago, who wrote "Why We Behave Like Human Beings." There is no doubt, however, that these chapters are highly readable and interesting, especially to men. And that being true, it is hypercritical to find fault.

"Murder in the Maze" is as typically English as the other is American. It is a rural-English-countryside-garden crime, instead of one reeking of Broadway and the Roaring Forties. A double murder in a maze or labyrinth is a good beginning, and the method of these murders is novel without being so impossible as to be denounced by Mr. Connington's compatriots as a bit thick. There is in this story no amateur detective making monkeys out of the regular police, but instead the Chief Constable himself from Scotland Yard, playing a lone hand with no amateur reasoner as his rival. The Chief, Sir Clinton Driffield, is a modest, efficient gentleman, and I think not at all unlike the only one of these great policemen upon whom my eyes ever rested, *viz.*, Sir Basil Thomson. It is true that, for the sake of the novel, he imparts his information in very meager portions day by day to his host and confidant, but there is no nonsense about him and the final scene and solution come as near to maintaining the interest and suspense as it is ever possible. A shrubbery maze, a hot day, and somebody potting at you with an air gun loaded with darts covered with a deadly South American arrow-poison—there is a situation to wheedle two dollars out of anybody's pocket. Or six shillings in London. E. P.

Fiction

THE RETURN OF DON QUIXOTE. By G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

In which Mr. Chesterton, able essayist, pamphleteer, and poet, proves again, and for the fifth or sixth time, that he cannot write a novel.

RED PANTS. By John W. Thomason, Jr., Captain, U. S. M. C. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Since the time, two years ago, when the first of Captain Thomason's vividly illustrated war stories startled the readers of "Scribner's Magazine" he has become known. He has joined that little band of Nationally prominent United States Marines: Gene Tunney, Laurence Stallings, Smedley Butler, and the late Gunnery Sergeant Lillian Russell—to the possible embarrassment of his ward-room companions, and doubtless to his own considerable amazement. "Red Pants" follows quickly behind "Fixed Bayonets," and it is quite up to specifications. That title, by the way, for the benefit of symbol seekers, refers to the gaudy small-clothes of the Première Division de la Maroc, the Zou-Zous of the early days of the war, and a darky from Galveston who fought with them. It is a good story, and so are the others that follow: the one about the dog, the accident on the rifle range, the story about the revolution in Nicaragua—they sound like Richard Harding Davis, or prize stories in freshman composition, and if you know any boys between fourteen and twenty, they're going to be crazy about them.

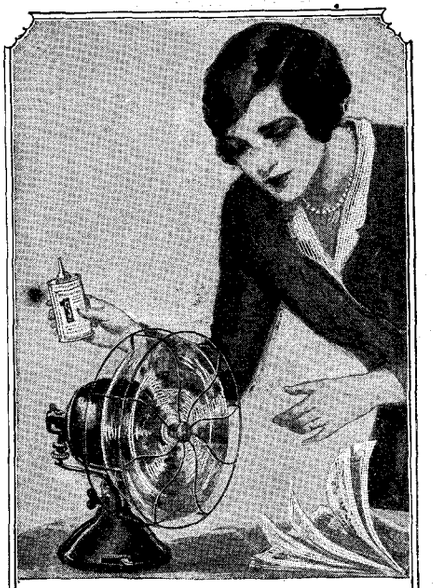
You, of course, remember the chorus girl who didn't know if she were fond of Kipling or not, she'd never tried to kipple? Captain Thomason is not very profound, as his latest critics are pointing out, but he certainly knows how to Kipple.

THE BRETHREN OF THE AXE. By John B. Somers. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

This Italian mystery is international, with a head plotter who seems to be in turn Fascist, anti-Fascist, Bolshevik, pro-British, and anti-British. The scene is in Venice, and an American girl (totally unlike any American girl known to Americans) furnishes the romance. The plot is full of startling incidents and the excitement is continuous.

SUN AND MOON. By Vincent H. Cower. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

The plan of this story is adapted to give the reader an intimate picture of Chinese life. An English widower with two children and plenty of money deliberately "goes Chinese," dips into Eastern philosophy, and acquires a native wife and con-



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cubine. Both the dignified and undignified phases of a wealthy Chinese household are shown forth. The story holds one's attention decidedly well.

History

TWENTIETH CENTURY EUROPE. By Preston William Slosson. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. $6.

Naturally, the World War, its beginnings and endings, take up most of the seven-hundred-odd pages in this volume, which recites with considerable minuteness the great happenings of the period it is designed to chronicle. The style is crisply encyclopædic. Professor E. E. Slosson contributes a chapter on "Twentieth Century Science." The author was fortunate in having his "copy" edited by Professor J. T. Shotwell, of Columbia University. Students will find the book valuable, and the general reader informative. It constitutes a correct record of events well indexed and completely covered.

Travel

THE HOMELAND OF ENGLISH AUTHORS. By Ernest H. Rann. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

The literary geography of England. Pleasant to read.

Economics

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH! A Study in the Waste of the Consumer's Dollar. By Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

With texts taken from "Alice in Wonderland" the authors have contrived a book entertaining in matter and disconcerting in facts. They prove that the public is badly gulled in much of its buying—imposed upon by quacks and fakirs, and all too often burdened with selling charges quite out of proportion to the value of the articles purchased. Dizzy variations in prices and quality are cited to prove that the consumer continually gets the worst of the bargain—in spite of which he keeps on buying. The retailer is not much blamed. "He does not buy on test or specification," say the authors, "but only according to the salesmanship of the jobber or manufacturer. He is almost as much in the dark as you are." This is not because standards do not exist, but because they are not lived up to and the customer has no way of seeking these out and securing their enforcement. To correct this they observe: "It is even conceivable that suits, overcoats, shirts, and other fabrics might bear a label specifying their composition, dyefastness, warmth factor, durability factor, cotton, linen, silk and wool grade and content." Certainly if food canners and patent-medicine men have to make a showdown, other wares might share in the certification!

High praise is given the Government Bureau of Standards for its efficiency in investigating weights, measures, and qualities in things sold. For example, it found that gasoline-station pumps in Illinois alone were cheating the public out of $600,000 a year. A pump was devised that could not err more than one-half of one per cent. Its use is mandatory in the District of Columbia. Elsewhere error is presumably having its way. The standards set are not always 100 per cent. The Government is satisfied with a maple syrup half maple, the balance cane syrup and not more than 32 per cent water!

Yet: "on purchases of upwards of $300,000,000 annually expended by its Washington agents the United States Government saves $100,000,000 by tests and specifications—perhaps 30 per cent. On purchases, intermediate and ultimate of 100 billions what might the citizens of that Government save? Not the same ratio—for by no conceivable method could the same co-ordinated control of purchases be brought about. But billions enough could be saved to reduce drastically the cost of living."

The acrobatics of prices, quality, and cost form an interesting chapter. The authors find in some cases the label to be the only difference in the price of an article that doubles to a consumer who prefers the more expensive brand. Alcohol for chemical experiment work at the University of Minnesota ranged from 25 cents to $6 per gallon. The lying label would appear to be the greatest American sinner. Enough examples are given to shake faith in (corporate) human nature. The range of falsity ranges from veneers to blankets. Paints, roofing, shirtings, soap—all develop palpable fraud under scrutiny. The Federal Trade Commission has found much sharp practice in unearthing unfair competition under brand-stealing. One soap-maker puts out seven brands of "castile" soap that contains no olive oil; the basis of the real article should be pure olive oil.

So goes the sordid tale. It is not one to be proud of, but one the consumer should read and ponder! He should also consider a code laid down by the authors, the most cogent phrase in which is, "When you hear the word 'guarantee' laugh heartily."

War Books

THE SERVICES OF SUPPLY: A MEMOIR OF THE GREAT WAR. By General Johnson Hagood. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

The Chief of Staff of the Service of Supply with the A. E. F. tells the story of that part of the war. General Hagood enlivens his history with many personal recollections and anecdotes of his fellow-officers from cadet days to the years when they became general officers in a European war. It is a modest and pleasant book, with some inevitable dry patches.

THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL CONSPIRACY. 1892–1914. By Robert L. Owen. Albert & Charles Boni, New York. $2.

The former Senator from Oklahoma has discovered that "the most gigantic conspiracy of all time in its consequences was the intrigue of the Russian Imperialists who deliberately and intentionally brought about the World War in 1914. . . . The object was the control of Constantinople and the Dardanelles, over-lordship of the Balkans, and the seizure of German and Austrian territory." On these premises he builds up a volume purging Germany of all war guilt. His arguments are ingenious, but not convincing. Mr. Owen seems to think there would have been no war if Austria had not been menaced by Russian mobilization when she moved to make war on Serbia. It appears, according to his testimony, that Austria did not want any Serbian territory—she merely wished to kill and destroy in compensation for the murders at Sarajevo. Had this playful performance been permitted all would have been well, perhaps!

Politics and Government

WHITHER DEMOCRACY? By N. J. Lennes. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.

From far out in Missoula, Montana, Mr. Lennes offers a thesis which, if it has any validity, is of far-reaching social significance. In his own terms it is this: "In proportion as the ideals of democracy are realized in practice, in that proportion does society tend to become divided into occupational classes with hereditary membership." By democracy he means not merely a type of government but a system of social relations, and his conclusion in brief is that democracy inevitably tends to defeat itself and to create a system of caste. He avers that for several years he has sought to find evidence that his thesis is unsound, but the net result has been instead a deeper conviction of its validity. Let no one assume that this is a freakish or capricious effort, prompted by excessive smartness and a lust for the limelight. It is nothing of the kind, but a thoughtful, cool-tempered, and well-studied work. One may recognize its merit without accepting its conclusion. But it presents a body of data and argument which challenges the fundamental claims of democracy and which sooner or later every defender of democracy must meet. It is a book certain in time to be widely read.

THE HISTORY OF REPARATIONS. By Carl Bergman. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $6.

This book, from the hands of a man intimately associated with the negotiations, gives a clear chronicle of the complicated course of events culminating in the adoption of the Dawes Plan of adjusting Allied claims against Germany growing out of the Great War. Written by a German, it is nevertheless fair and accurate. On the whole, the situation was cleared up rather neatly and the recovery of German finances seems little less than marvelous under the weighty circumstances.

Science

PLANT HUNTING. By Ernest H. Wilson. 2 vols. The Stratford Company, Boston. $15.

Since 1899 the author of these two fascinating volumes has been searching the wide world for new forms of plant and tree life to grace American gardens and arboretums. No pursuit can be said to be more worthy, and Mr. Wilson has spent his time well. He has risked his personal safety in wild regions, among head-hunters, and in fever-smitten lands, to bring back floral and arboreal treasures. Africa, Australasia, China, Korea, Japan, Formosa, and the Himalayas have all felt his footsteps. It will amaze the uninformed to know that China is the world's greatest botanical resource, having not less than 20,000 varieties of plant and tree, and that the Flowery Kingdom is rightly named. From China come the chief beauties of our gardens, beginning with the glorious rose.

It is disappointing to learn that there are no cycads in New Zealand and that its arborescent monocotyledons are limited to a few small trees, which include two cordylines.

Mr. Wilson is skeptical over Africa as a source of rubber supply. He observes: "Investors beware. It is high-grade Para rubber that the world demands. So far as experiments have been tried, and they have been many, tropical Africa and the Para rubber tree are not in accord. From the knowledge available there is little reason to hope that Africa can solve the rubber problem."

The volumes contain 128 beautiful illustrations, and are handsomely printed.

Books Received

RELIGION OR GOD? By Edward S. Drown. The Harvard University Press, Cambridge. $1.

THE CARE OF THE HOME. By Henrietta D. Robinson. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.

CONTRACT BRIDGE. By Mrs. T. Charles Farrelly and Milton Leonard Coleman. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

GETTING OUT THE VOTE. By Harold F. Gosnell. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. $2.

ROTARY: A Business Man's Interpretation. By Frank H. Lamb. The Rotary Club of Hoquiam, Hoquiam, Washington.

THE NEW SCIENCE AND THE OLD RELIGION. By Thornwell Jacobs. The Oglethorpe University Press, Atlanta, Ga.

MEN OF THE MYSTERIES. By Ralph W. Sockman. The Abingdon Press, New York. $1.25.

HOW DO WE KNOW? By Cortland Myers. The Judson Press, Philadelphia. $1.

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"Twenty Questions"

Answered in this issue of The Outlook

1. In what country is Lausanne located? (P. 441.)
2. Who wrote "The Bat"? (P. 449.)
3. From what opera is the song "Then You'll Remember Me" taken? (P. 456.)
4. What country is the richest in varieties of plants and trees? (P. 452.)
5. What is the name of Marlowe's "Jew of Malta"? (P. 436.)
6. What nation with seacoast on two oceans has a navy consisting of only two destroyers and two mine-sweepers? (P. 437.)
7. Who was Joanna Southcott? (P. 428.)
8. What two provinces of Canada now have prohibitory legislation of liquor in force? (P. 431.)
9. What province was the last to register a wet victory? (P. 431.)
10. What do Gentiles commonly mean by the name Jew? (P. 436.)
11. What is the correct nautical term for kitchen? (P. 433.)
12. Name two offices held by the late Ambassador Henry White? (P. 435.)
13. How does Nicholas Murray Butler stand on prohibition? (P. 439.)
14. From what State is Senator Thomas J. Walsh? (P. 434.)
15. Of what royal family was King Ferdinand of Rumania? (P. 430.)
16. In what direction is Hungary from Rumania? (P. 430.)
17. Who is Premier of Rumania? (P. 428.)
18. Where is Wellington? (P. 442.)
19. To what branch of the service does General Smedley Butler belong? (P. 451.)
20. Who is the new American Minister to the Irish Free State? (P. 428.)

Contributors' Gallery

WALTER W. VAN KIRK is one of the secretaries of the Commission on International Justice and Goodwill of the Federal Council of Churches. His last contribution to The Outlook was in connection with the National Student Conference at Milwaukee last winter.

JAMES MONTAGNES is a young Canadian. From his home in Toronto he has himself communicated with many distant countries.

DOUGLAS MACKAY is also a Canadian, a native of Ontario, and at present serving on the staff of the Parliamentary Bureau of the Canadian Press in Ottawa. He has been with several Canadian daily papers and contributed to the London "Sunday Times," the New York "Times," "Century Magazine," the "Nation," and other journals in the United States and Canada.

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Enthusiasm and Mechanics

MR. HINDUS'S interesting description, in your issue of June 29, of how Russia has canonized Henry Ford corresponds with much that I saw in the Caucasus last year. I remember holding my breath during one wild ride in a Ford station wagon converted into a bus, which a proud chauffeur drove over a precarious mountain road with the throttle wide open. "You love speed in America," he assured me. "I have seen Americans drive in your *kino*. She goes well, doesn't she?" stepping on the gas again.

All over Russia, because peasants could operate them "with but a little training," tractors are lying useless. They could be restored to activity by rudimentary attention from a service station such as would be around the corner in any American village, but is discouragingly rare in Russia. The Russians have the enthusiasm, but they need equipment, and need even more to develop the technique.

In this the American organization, the Russian Reconstruction Farms, under the direction of Harold M. Ware, with New York headquarters at 156 Fifth Avenue, is trying to help them. In partnership with the provincial department of agriculture, it operates one of the large Government estates as a model mechanized farm to test the comparative performance under local conditions of various makes of tractor, to teach the peasants how to use them, and to train students as specialists in mechanical farming. One of the new Government tractor stations will be located there, equipped with spare parts to repair Fordsons and other tractors which have broken down under heavy work and inexpert handling.

It is more romantic to drive at top speed and name your children Fordson or Era, for the new age of Communist industry; but the dream will not last without practical attention to prosaic details.

MARIAN TYLER.

Croton-on-Hudson, New York.

About "Rolls and Discs"

THE department of "Rolls and Discs," by Mr. Lawrence Jacob Abbott, in your paper has its practical uses. Prepared by one who is evidently a musician, it helps me to select for my Victrola the successful recordings in the realm of worth-while music.

I think it is due him and your periodical to make this grateful acknowledgment of service rendered.

CHARLES MEININGER.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

I AM going to record my continued appreciation of the reviews of "Discs." They are a help, not only to selection, but to listening.

MARCIA GILMORE.

Pasadena, California.

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The Thousandfold Thrill of Life

A horny-handed and sin-seared skipper, a lawless soldier with a light-o'-love in every port, a cattle keeper on shipboard, an engineer amidst his oily engines, are put before us in Kipling's stories and poems—says the editor of The Warner Library—so that we recognize them as lovable fellow-creatures responsive to the thousandfold thrill of life.

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By the Way

A MAN had his pocketbook stolen and, unfortunately, it contained a good deal of money. One day, to his great surprise, he received a letter from the thief inclosing a small portion of the stolen money. It read as follows:

"Sir: I stole your money. Remors is nawing at my conshuns so I send sum of it back. When it naws again I will send sum more."

"Is it true, mother, that sheep are the dumbest of all animals?"

"Yes, my lamb."

Major Pompous: "Well, sir, I drew a bead on that lion, pulled the trigger, and there fifty yards ahead of us lay Mr. Lion, dead."

Bored listener: "And how long had he been dead?"

A single department store in New York City reports the sale of 75,000 corsets in one day. And corsets are supposed to have gone out of style.

Traffic cop (taking out his note-book): "What's your name?"

Motorist: "Aloysis Alastair Cyprian."

Traffic cop (putting book away): "Well, don't let me catch you again."

It was a fashionable wedding. The bridegroom had no means of visible support save his father, who was rich. When he came to the stage of the service where he had to repeat:

"With all my worldly goods I thee endow," his father said in a whisper that could be heard all over the church: "Heavens! There goes his bicycle!"

No man works quite as hard as he would like to have his wife believe.

A caption beneath a picture in the London "Sphere" reads:

"A trainload is seen above emerging from an aeroplane hangar in Lakehurst, New Jersey, one of the New England States which has contributed its quota of troops for China."

Chairman of the banquet: "How long will you talk, old man?"

Next speaker: "Oh, about five minutes."

Chairman: "You couldn't make it ten, could you? We want to clear the room for dancing!"

Yet another local libel, says the Manchester "Guardian:"

"How is it," the big tobacconist asked the manager of his Aberdeen branch, "that you can sell so few cork-tipped cigarettes?"

"Weel," his manager replied, "folk here dinna like the taste of coarrk burnin'."

"I don't need any speedometer on my car. I can easily tell the speed," said the one.

"How do you do that?" asked the other.

"When I go ten miles an hour, my lamps rattle; when I go fifteen miles an hour, my mudguards rattle; and at twenty miles an hour my bones rattle."

From an exchange:

The sergeant sang out at company parade: "All those fond of music step two paces forward!"

With visions of soft jobs in the regimental band, half a dozen men stepped forward, smiling broadly.

"Now, then," yelled the sergeant, "you six chaps get busy and carry that grand piano in the basement up to the officers' new quarters on the seventh floor!"

Foreman: "Here now, Murphy, what about carrying some more bricks?"

Murphy: "I ain't feelin' well, guvnor; I'm trembling all over."

Foreman: "Well, then, lend me a hand with the sieve."

First attorney: "Your honor, unfortunately I am opposed by an unmitigated scoundrel."

Second attorney: "My learned friend is such a notorious liar"—

Judge (sharply): "Counsel will kindly confine their remarks to such matters as are in dispute."

From "Boys' Life:"

"Willie," said his mother, "I wish you would run across the street and see how old Mrs. Brown is this morning."

A few minutes later Willie returned and reported:

"Mrs. Brown says it's none of your business how old she is."

Those who pester us with the advice, "Don't worry," which is seldom accompanied by any helpful suggestions as to the escape from the causes, usually mean, "Don't worry me."

"Some one sick at yo' house, Mis' Carter?" inquired Lila. "Ah seed de doctah's kyar dar yestidy."

"It was my brother, Lila."

"Sho'! Whut's he got de matter of him?"

"Nobody seems to know what the disease is. He can eat and sleep as well as ever. He stays out all day on the porch in the sun and seems as well as any one. But he can't do any work at all."

"He can't—yo' say he can't work? Law, Miss Carter, dat ain't no disease. Dat's a gif'!"

From the Louisville "Courier-Journal:"

"Chief," asked a visitor in Fort Mink, "can you tellum where I buy some of those Indian beadwork?"

"I got mine from a mail-order house in Rochester, New York."

Grocer: "What was that woman complaining about?"

Clerk: "The long wait, sir."

Grocer: "Well, some people you never can please, nohow. Yesterday she complained of the short weight."

From "Life:"

First movie magnate: "We just got a wire that Lindbergh won't sign that starring contract we offered him."

Second Crœsus: "He won't, eh? Who does he think he is? Don't he know we're giving him a chance to make a name for himself?"

The little girl had a new dime to invest in an ice-cream soda.

"Why don't you give your dime to missions?" said her minister, who was calling.

"I thought about that," said the little girl, "but I think I'll buy the ice-cream soda and let the druggist give it to missions."

Can you transpose the following letters into the names of American cities? Answer next week.

Antshowing, Boilme, Divorcepen, Hairleg, Higcoca, Keapot, Kernaw, Luspat, Koronlyb, Longstave, Lybnaa, Mail, Meals, Rottide, Mitorable, Noobst, Rathdorf, Sublocum, Silliloveu, Tatalan, Trescrowe, Torpewn, Wornkey.

Answer to last week's anagram: "Paste," "a step," "peats," "as pet," "tapes," "pates," "a pest."

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WANTED, by Sept. 15, gentleman companion for semi-invalid willing to read aloud and drive automobile. References. Mrs. J. D. Pratt, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

WANTED—Nursery governess to care for four children under nine in Cincinnati. Wish to fill position by August 15, by refined and educated woman. Address Mrs. Frederick V. Geier, Bay Head, N. J.

WANTED—MATRON. Residential school for blind children; location eastern city; exceptional ability and thorough knowledge of dietetics required. 7,931, Outlook.

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GOVERNESS, companion, teacher. Permanent position wanted by French-Swiss teacher; experienced. Moderate salary. References. 7,876, Outlook.

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TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

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Rolls and Discs

By LAWRENCE JACOB ABBOTT

IT would be out of place in this department to include among the reviews mention of a privately issued set of records. But perhaps my readers will forgive me if I should mention it separately as an interesting example of the progress of recorded music in this country. The set in question is César Franck's "Prélude, Choral, et Fugue," played by Marion Roberts and issued by the Chicago Gramophone Society. The edition was limited to, I think, 200 copies. The recording was made in the Columbia laboratories, under similar conditions to the recordings which the Columbia Company puts out under its own label.

Any one who is familiar with this work of Franck's need not be told that a set of discs of it, if the pianist has done justice to it, is something to be prized. Marion Roberts, a gifted young musician from Chicago and a pupil of Cortot's, has made a remarkably beautiful performance of it. There is a tragic note in this performance; for less than two weeks after she completed the recording she was killed near Paris.

In two respects this recording of the Chicago Gramophone Society's is worthy of mention. It has caught in permanent form a performance which would otherwise have been lost to the world forever. It has also started a precedent. It has shown that a comparatively small group of people, by subscribing in advance, can have music made to order for their phonograph libraries. As long as this procedure is possible, the public need never be wholly dependent on what the monthly record lists offer.

Phonograph Records

IBERIA—Images Pour Orchestre, No. 2 (Debussy). Played by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Paul Klenau. In five parts, on three records, the sixth part being **L'ENFANT PRODIGUE: Cortège et Air de Danse** (Debussy). Columbia.

Because of the historical importance of "Iberia," there may perhaps be a tendency to-day to lose sight of its full intrinsic beauty. Yet this tone painting of Spain needs no pioneering claims to lift it to a secure place in the library of music. It is impressionistic music in its most easily recognizable form. As Monet uses pigments, Debussy uses *timbres*. Although in "Iberia" the score never penetrates far beyond sense impressions, it develops them to such a high degree that no feeling of inadequacy results.

Throughout there is a bewildering array of tone colors; flutes, harps, oboes, muted trumpets, shimmering string accompaniments, rise and fall in a restless, ever-changing sea of sound. In some rare details the tonal coloring in this performance of Klenau's does not reproduce quite accurately. But, considering the chromatic intricacies of Debussy's instrumentation, it would seem beyond the powers of a tiny groove of wax to catch every breath of tone; and the fact that the recording has come as near to perfection as it has in recreating the kaleidoscopic beauty of the great impressionistic Frenchman makes it deserving of a generous portion of praise. Paul Klenau proves to be a fortunate choice for conductor. He brings to each solo passage an expressive phrasing which individualizes it, and at the same time keeps a thorough sense of unity. He is as successful in the second movement, with its drowsy, incense-laden atmosphere, as he is in the third, with its onward sweep and sharply hurried rhythms. Incidentally, this set offers an interesting opportunity for study side by side with Mengelberg's performance of Schelling's "A Victory Ball" (Victor). Without attempting to rob Schelling of any credit for his vivid symphonic poem, I feel quite sure that if Debussy had not written "Iberia" Schelling's musical thoughts would have been expressed far differently.

The excerpt from "L'Enfant Prodigue" is an interesting example of the early Debussy. Even in 1884 one can clearly see in what direction his harmonic and orchestral ear was leading him.

LOHENGRIN—Bridal Chamber Scene, Duet (Wagner). Sung by Emmy Bettendorf and Lauritz Melchior. In five parts, on three records, the sixth part being **DIE MEISTERSINGER—Act III, Quintet** (Wagner), sung by Emmy Bettendorf, Michael Bohnen, C. M. Oehmann, W. Gombert, and M. Lüders. Odeon.

Until we have entire operas, or at least entire acts of operas, recorded for the phonograph, opera records will continue to be excerpts, and for that reason cannot be taken quite as seriously as symphonic or chamber music recorded in its entirety. Even a whole opera on the phonograph would be in one sense incomplete, for by its very nature opera takes into account the eye as well as the ear. But the usual opera selection is in a far different class from such a recording as this "Lohengrin" duet, which has enough continuity to recreate the atmosphere of the opera through the phonograph as no single-face selection can ever do. Except for four cuts, which omit 61 measures, the recording covers the entire second scene of Act III. On the whole, it is an exquisite performance. Melchior's closing passage is sung to perfection. Emmy Bettendorf's voice is of a most pleasing quality. Her interpretation in the early part of the scene is a little too sentimentalized to suit my taste; but how can I object? The recording was made in Germany, so must be authentic! The orchestra is subdued—too much so—but it has a fullness and a sonority that is pleasing in contrast to the meager orchestral accompaniments we usually run up against in opera recordings. The quintet from "Die Meistersinger," while not an epoch-making performance, is a successful one, both from an interpretative and a recording standpoint.

INVITATION TO THE WALTZ (Weber). Played by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Leopold Stokowski. In two parts, on one record. Victor.

MARCHE MILITAIRE (Schubert); **FUNERAL MARCH OF A MARIONETTE** (Gounod). Played by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Alfred Hertz. Victor.

Stokowski has the most extraordinary knack of taking a composition that has been played until it is threadbare and translating it into something fresh and vivid simply by the brilliance and sweep of his performance. His "Invitation to the Waltz" is as successful a *tour de force* as his "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2." Soon we shall be looking for such performances as matters of course. The recording—which is absolutely top-notch—features impressively powerful massed string effects. In comparison with this record, the San Francisco recording necessarily suffers. Yet it is good—the first one by Hertz, as I recall, to include the acoustic properties of a concert performance. Gounod's march is one of the few "light classics" which bear up under repeated hearings. It is conducted with due gravity.

MALAGUEÑA (Albeñiz-Kreisler); **CANCION POPULARE** (De Falla-Kochanski). Played by Fritz Kreisler. Victor.

WALTZ IN A MINOR (Brahms); **MINUET** (Mozart). Played by Albert Spalding. Brunswick.

With the assistance of rather more interesting musical material than he often draws upon, Kreisler has recorded two beguiling performances. Note the clearness of his harmonics in the "Cancion Popolare." I have heard Spalding record in better fashion than his newest record indicates, but it is nevertheless enjoyable.

PAGLIACCI—Serenata d'Arlecchino (Leoncavallo); **MANON—Il Sogno** (Massenet). Sung by Tito Schipa. Victor.

FAUST—Ayant de quitter ces lieux (Gounod); **TRAVIATA—Di Provenza il mar** (Verdi). Sung by Giuseppe Danise. Brunswick.

FRA DIAVOLO—On Yonder Rock Reclining (Auber); **BOHEMIAN GIRL—Then You'll Remember Me** (Balfe). Sung by Mario Chamlee. Brunswick.

An admirable example of a voice under perfect control, yet far beyond a mere machine, is Schipa's in his two selections. He never overtaxes either his voice or the phonograph. He sings "Harlequin's Serenade" delightfuly and "The Dream" beautifully. Danise has also recorded two excellent performances, in view of which it is a pity that the recording gives his upper notes a slightly strident quality. The "Fra Diavolo" air is a particularly good tune, spiritedly sung.

RIGOLETTO—Paraphrase de Concert (Verdi-Liszt). Played by Alfred Cortot. In two parts, on one record. Victor.

Lisztian pyrotechnics on a rather drab musical foundation, saved by the excellence of Cortot's playing. The piano tone is superlatively fine, except for sustained notes in the middle register. I am beginning to believe that this fault is impossible to remedy—that it is the result of a slight wavering in pitch or tremolo, due to the fact that one must always expect the grooves of a record to be some tiny fraction of an inch eccentric to the axis of the turntable, and that the ear is delicate enough to detect this quality as something foreign to the absolutely true tone of a set of taut piano wires.

MINUET (Boccherini); **SPANISH DANCE** (Albeñiz). Played by the New York String Quartet. Brunswick.

An ever-popular and charming minuet and a harmless Spanish dance, not excitingly, but suavely and agreeably played.

Piano Rolls

DANSE RITUELLE DE FEU (De Falla). Played by Alexander Brailowsky. Ampico.

A highly unusual piece of music, pungent in its savage fierceness, yet palpably the composition of a skilled musical technician. Its primitive qualities overshadow everything else. The insistently repeated chords at the end remind one of Berlioz's "March to the Gallows." The Ampico supplement is right when it says, "Brailowsky has played it superbly."

PRÉLUDE—La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin (Debussy). Played by Benno Moiseiwitsch. Ampico.

Simplicity, haunting appeal, and musicianly qualities are enough to recommend this Girl with Her Flaxen Hair to almost anybody. This "Prélude" of Debussy's does not grow tiresome, as much modern music is apt to do. Moisewitsch gives it an extremely satisfying performance.

AM MEER (Schubert-Liszt). Played by Desider Vecsei. Duo-Art.

A beautiful song, played with a pleasurable softness and sonority, but without an entirely convincing interpretation.

ON THE MALL (Goldman). Played by Leith and Addison. Duo-Art.

This glorification of Central Park is worth mentioning because it is performed with *finesse, piano* practically throughout. I should like to hear more marches played four-hands like that.

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"Twenty Questions"

Answered in this issue of The Outlook

1. How much is a yen worth in our money? (P. 475.)
2. What was the nationality of Kosciusko? (P. 479.)
3. Who was Walter J. Travis? (P. 464.)
4. Who is Premier of Great Britain? (P. 459.)
5. How does aluminum paint affect the heating qualities of a radiator? (P. 469.)
6. Who were the first aviators to carry mail across the Atlantic? (P. 487.)
7. In what State is Rainier National Park? (Inside back cover.)
8. What great earthquake has recently been reported? (P. 460.)
9. Who is Governor of Washington? (P. 463.)
10. To what line does the Leviathan belong? (P. 464.)
11. To what line does the Aquitania belong? (P. 467.)
12. In what Department of the Federal Government is the Bureau of Standards? (P. 469.)
13. Of what University was Dr. Henry Suzzalo, until last October, President? (P. 463.)
14. What is the function of a barograph? (P. 464.)
15. Give within ten thousand the number American fatalities in the World War? (P. 462.)
16. Who wrote "Dombey and Son"? (P. 465.)
17. In what city is the Field Museum? (P. 462.)
18. Who said that within a century of his time Europe would become either republican or Cossack? (P. 480.)
19. In what city is the famous Avenue des Champs-Elysées? (P. 460.)
20. What are the nautical terms for right and left? (P. 467.)

Contributors' Gallery

ARTHUR M. BAUM is an Easterner by birth. While he was attending Lafayette College his health broke down, compelling three years' stay in the Adirondacks. While there he became interested in forestry through the writings and campaign of Gifford Pinchot. He served fourteen years as a ranger. In December, 1926, as he states in his article, he resigned from the Forest Service, and is now devoting himself mainly to writing.

MARIA MORAVSKY is a native of Warsaw, but was educated in Russia. Like another of her countrymen, Joseph Conrad, she has chosen to write in English because she regards it as the richest of the European languages. She came to this country in 1917 as a newspaper correspondent. Her novel, "The Bird of Fire," dealing with the Russian Revolution, which she herself knew from personal and stormy experience, was published last winter.

ADACHI KINNOSUKE, well known to Outlook readers for his interpretations of Japanese life, gives us another glimpse of the old and new orders in Nippon.

The Outlook

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THE PRESIDENT

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